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Anticipating the World's Greatest Missionary Conference—A

Description of the City, Churches, and Life—

By J. A. Adams

Knights of King Arthur

The Way Real, Live, Boys of Hyde Park, Chicago, Have Been

Interested and Helped Through the Leadership of

the Church—by Richard W. Gentry

Australian Conference

The Conditions of the Country and the Attitudes and Work of

the Churches as Viewed by a Chicagoan

—Albert J. Saunders

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Canada is becoming one of the best customers of the United States. Exports of domestic merchandise from this country to Canada during the first ten months of the current fiscal year were greater by \$45,000,000 than in the same period of the previous year, while the total increase in exports to all parts during the same period was only \$55,000,000. The value of the exports to Canada during the first ten months of the present fiscal year was \$174,500,000. The increase was largely in manufactured articles.



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CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON AND HERBERT L. WILLETT.

EDITORS

The Mystery of Mind

What Shall We Expect from Mental Healing?

We have more than once of late adverted to the astonishing interest which has been manifest in the cure of diseases by mental means. It is one of the interesting phenomena of our generation.

It has awakened a considerable interest, sometimes friendly and sometimes hostile, on the part of the medical fraternity. It has attracted some slight measure of attention from the authorities on psychology.

It has organized several different cults, undertaking with more or less success to cure diseases by means of suggestion. It has even awakened the interest of some sections of the church with the result that many ministers are studying the subject with the feeling that it is one of the important problems of the time, and a few have even gone the length of declaring it to be the legitimate work of the church to undertake the cure of disease.

Some of these last, notably those connected with the Emanuel movement, have actually organized clinics for the practice of psycho-therapeutics.

At such a time it seems almost necessary that those who wish to be intelligent Christians should have some fair knowledge of a subject that has awakened so much interest in our generation.

The causes of this interest we need hardly mention again. They lie, of course, almost wholly in the two fields of our increasing sensitiveness to pain in modern times, and the concern awakened in the attempt to banish disease as an actual triumph of the modern world of science and adventure over one of the ills which have long afflicted the world.

Either one of these motives would be sufficient to produce such manifestation of interest as we have seen of late. Men, and particularly women, have just become aware that human life is afflicted in painful and demoralizing ways by disease. They are resenting its presence as an intrusion into the domain of ordered and enjoyable living.

No earlier generation took this view. It is the resentment which follows such a discovery that has made many people eager to test whatever values may lie in the field of mental control as a solvent of pain.

Then too, as before remarked, the mere love of exploration and adventure has led many in our time into this romantic and unexplored field. It is not surprising that the reports that come back from these adventurous spirits are sometimes fascinating, sometimes measurably convincing, and sometimes quite unbelievable. It was ever so in the field of pioneering. The first travelers who venture into an uncharted land rarely bring back authentic and trustworthy accounts.

The explorers are more concerned to make an impression by the daring character of their recitals than to recount the explicit facts; or they are so much under the spell of the new experiences upon which they come, that they rarely have the judicial temper to relate the facts without bias.

The advocates of mental healing, under whatever one of a variety of names they may choose to be known, are coming to be a considerable body. As Christian Scientists, Divine Healers, believers in the healing powers of hypnotism, as mesmerists, theosophists, spiritualists and students of the occult generally, they have long proclaimed the possibility of achieving victory over physical infirmities by means which were neither physical, medical nor surgical.

The fact that so considerable a number of people are the convinced adherents of one or another of these cults, which in so far as they practice the arts of healing all make use of the same basic principle, makes the subject one of interest to all informed persons. And

furthermore, the fact that so much of this work of mental healing is related by its devotees to some form of religious experiences makes it all the more reasonable that the informed Christian should try to come into possession of such facts at least as are accessible to one who does not aspire to become a specialist.

But just at the threshold of this interesting inquiry one is met by two significant facts, the attitude of the physicians and the psychologists respectively.

These men, it would be supposed, should know the truth or falsity of the claims so freely made by the different groups of mental healers. If any body of expert opinion is to be trusted, surely it would be that representing these two schools of supposedly competent and unprejudiced specialists.

The surprise of the bystander is therefore great when he discovers that the voice of the medical profession upon this great theme is so confused as to be wholly untrustworthy, and that the psychologists with the rarest exceptions have avoided, as if in affright, the entire region of psycho-therapeutics.

To be sure, the doctors represent various schools and points of view with reference to the art of healing. Yet there seems to be no clear line drawn between the various schools of medical practice on this question of psychic cure. It appears to be a matter wholly of personal bias on the part of the individual physician.

Some there are who have become converts to the view that mind and not medicine is the real healing agent. Such men have at least to a small extent gone over to the ranks of psycho-therapy, and are substituting suggestion for serums and surgery.

Others are hospitable to the principle of mental healing, and make such use of it as seems wise in their regular practice of medicine. Probably consciously or unconsciously most physicians use this expedient. There are few who are so blind to the values of mental stimulation as not to employ the arts of encouragement and optimism to assist in the work of healing.

But there are some physicians, and probably their total number is very large, who are pronounced, insistent and incorrigible foes of the entire system of psychic healing.

Some of them are skeptics as to the value of any such means in the treatment of the sick. Others have a class prejudice against any who follow the healing art by another path than their own. Others still have seen the evil results of some ill-directed and foolish attempts at mental cure, and believe that harm is the usual outcome of such efforts. One must be willing to grant that the attitude of many physicians seems thoroughly prejudiced and inconsistent with the claim to be servants of truth, and willing to look at all the facts.

Still more significant is the attitude of the experts on mental phenomena. Every authority on psychology is of course compelled to deal in some manner with experiences which are the basis of most of the claims of the psychic healers. The power of the mind to influence the body, the effect of suggestion, the results of morbid states of mentality, the phenomena of hypnotism and trance, all fail to be considered and diagnosed by the psychologists.

Yet it is surprising with what shyness this frontier of the mind's life is approached. It would seem as if there had been formed an unwritten covenant among these scholars to say nothing upon one of the phases of the subject most in the public mind today. Is there, a feeling on their part that the extent to which charlatanism has flourished in that region is a sufficient excuse for the reserve which they maintain in relation to it?

Do they feel that it is not quite a dignified procedure to abandon the familiar fields of investigation, such as the structure of the nervous system, the revelation of mental activities to the physical

organism, and the various states and activities of the mind in its normal workings, for so mysterious and unknown a domain as that of psycho-therapeutics?

In the meantime it is clear that few people have any adequate conception of what an ally the mind may become in the search for calmness, quietness, serenity and health. One may be unwilling to go to what seems the fantastic length of the enthusiasts on the subject of mental healing, and still be aware that new truth is breaking out from the experience of our generation and that in no small degree the sufferings from nervousness, fear and even more serious disorders may be greatly reduced, if not entirely removed by the proper use of the mind through practice.

Those who have attempted the work of self-control in this field, and have so disciplined their minds as to co-operate with the laws of nature in building up health and combatting disease, are astonished and encouraged by the results they obtain.

To say that such control is impossible to the average person, because the effort has been made without results on some specific occasion, is like saying that an unpracticed student has tried to play the piano with the most satisfactory outcome. Practice here, as everywhere else, is the key to success.

To absolutely decide upon a mental attitude of quietness, fearlessness, trust in God, and good will towards all men, is the first step towards the attainment of health of mind and of body. Other steps will follow this, but for most of the people of our generation even this small gain is like an awakening to new life.

The state of Illinois is at present passing through a period of humiliation unequalled in her history, and but rarely approached by any of her sister states. William Lorimer, a man who has been a persistent office-seeker during all his public life, and who is never known to have worked at any business save that of office-getting and office-holding, and yet has amassed by some means or other a fortune of considerable proportions, was elected a year ago to the United States senate. The election was so manifestly the result of bribery and trickery that great suspicions were aroused at that time. Gov. Deneen was importuned to take the senatorship, which manifestly lies in the direct and legitimate pathway of his ambitions, but the conditions to which he would have been compelled to submit in accepting it were such that not for a moment would he consider the step. In spite of this fact, Lorimer seems to have deliberately set about the purchase of the position for himself, although his identification with disreputable political methods in the state has been notorious. He was elected by a combination of republican and democratic votes that was on its very face eloquent of corruption. Recently under the inquisition of States Attorney Burke, one after another of the legislators implicated in the plot has confessed the crimes and named the sums paid for the votes. In the face of this overwhelming evidence Mr. Lorimer has had the affrontry to add to his burden of public scorn by an attempt to throw the blame of his scandalous election upon his friends and his enemies alike, in which latter class Gov. Deneen has the good fortune to be placed. A man of less density of moral perception would rid the state and nation of the incubus of his official crimes by instant resignation. Failing in this, the senate ought to take the most summary measures to rid itself of so unspeakable a plague spot upon its garment. Meantime the state and the nation suffer, and politics is still further blackened by an offense against common civic decency.

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt is on his way to America after a career of unprecedented attention in Europe. He will arrive in this country at a moment when the entire nation is keenly curious to know what his attitude will be toward Mr. Taft, whom he placed in the presidential chair. Even the records of polar exploration and the scandals of party politics have not diverted attention from the remarkable journey Mr. Roosevelt has made. The public press has been full of his doings and his sayings, and most of the leading dailies have had personal representatives with him at every stage of the trip. It would be interesting to know how much of the unpopularity which Mr. Taft has aroused is the result of his own mistakes, some of which have been very obvious, and how much is the result of Mr. Roosevelt's high place in the public regard. No one doubts that the statesman from Oyster Bay is the most conspicuous man alive. Neither does any one doubt that his place in the future counsels of the nations is to be notable. A nation has use for a man of Mr.

Roosevelt's temper, and it will not allow him to remain long unemployed.

Winning Power Through Service

The hesitancy of Moses shows that he did not underestimate the difficulties involved in the divine call. He questioned whether he was equal to the task. At the time of his call he probably was not able to meet and overcome such difficulties as he foresaw would confront him. He had to grow to his work. A distinguished teacher of a former generation used to say to his students: "Do not confine your reading to books that you can understand without effort. Read books that you have to grow to." A popular evangelist said near the close of his career that if he had known at the beginning the hardships connected with the life of an evangelist, he doubtless would have chosen for himself another career. He was glad, however, that he became an evangelist, for he gained strength by the things he did.

The wise man takes account of his resources before he commits himself to any enterprise. Among the resources of youth are the possibilities of growth. Many a man who seems to his acquaintances to be reckless succeeds because he takes account of the element of growth and dares to attempt all that his future strength can bear. The overcautious man remains undeveloped, for he undertakes nothing for which his present strength is not sufficient. It is fortunate for us all that we have heavy tasks imposed upon us, for we are tempted to choose what is easy and thus to live below our possibilities. What is true of individuals is true of organizations. There is a venture of faith in all enterprises.

The first service required of every one is that of getting an honest living. Thieves and gamblers do not render this service, neither do idlers, whether rich or poor. The occupation we select must contribute toward the general welfare. Then we must do our work well. Dishonesty in work is as bad as any other form of dishonesty. The problem of dealing with the big thieves in this country would be greatly simplified if there were no little thieves. The man who steals a little by shirking helps to create the feeling that he may take who can. The crooked grocer in the village is partly responsible for the rascality of the sugar trust.

The home as a place of service needs to be better appreciated by many men and women. A mother who looks carefully to the physical and moral culture of her children is sometimes heard to say that her home duties do not permit her to do any Christian work! The minister, if he is worthy of his calling, will tell her that she is doing the highest form of Christian service in bringing up young persons to do a part of the world's work as it ought to be done. Speeches and ecclesiastical and state laws are less effective in curing the evils of divorce than homes in which humanity is seen at its best. Ignorance and brutality war against the family. Law courts cannot cure these. The examples of husbands and wives who live together in the fear of the Lord is the only sufficient answer to the critic of the family. The woman who neglects her children for the purpose of fighting the enemies of the home has no influence over her neighbors. She gains that influence by what she does at home. The man who thinks of his home as a convenience, and not as a moral opportunity, need not start out to set the world right, for the world will not accept him as a moral hero.

The services prompted by neighborly feeling enable us to grow in intelligence and moral power. If we have sympathy for the parents whose children annoy us, we shall not only help them, we shall also increase our worth as moral beings. If, on the contrary, we never notice children except when they annoy us and then only to say something ugly to them or about them, we stand a good chance of becoming common nuisances. The man in the next house may be disagreeable, but if we treat him as a man we shall have our reward in genuine culture. The assistance we give to the sick opens the door into a world of rich experience to which we should be strangers if we paid no attention to the sick. We become human by accepting our share of responsibility in state and church. The weakness of men who shun their political duties is pitiable. If nothing else will arouse us to the obligation of preaching the gospel to all the world, we ought to consider ourselves and the loss we suffer by neglecting this service. The size of the task determines the size of the man. The little task creates little men. The big task gives us men of great power.

Social Survey

By Alva W. Taylor

What Is Success?

BY A. W. TAYLOR

How many in the modern business world would say Jesus missed his opportunity when he said, "Get thee behind me Satan" to the third temptation? It was a vision of the success of a Napoleon or an Alexander and modern opportunism would have said "take it." How many would say that Zacchaeus was a fool to restore fourfold to those he had extorted from, instead of giving a handsome sum to charity and retaining the rest to be respectable on? There is a style of success that would commend the rich young man and the rich old fool.

There is a heavenly success in the art of getting riches where moth and rust corrupt and thieves break through and steal, or at least of getting plenty. The Lord, in His bountiful nature, provided plenty for all and gave man the instinct for accumulation and called it all good, and in the Kingdom of Heaven there will be neither poverty nor plenaria.

Money's Hold on the Multitude.

Money becomes the god of the multitude because it gets bread and butter and ease and escape of penury and drudgery. The bread and butter problem is the first consideration in both economics and morals, and plenty is the very incense on the altar of honest toil, and one of the first means of worship. The sympathy of even the poor is for the ways of gain often, for while they may envy, they count fortunate those who have an abundance. It is difficult to be good and poverty-stricken, and Jesus warned men that it was impossible to be saints and live in luxury. Luxury is a sin against civilization and all good conscience.

The physician who cures most quickly and thoroughly and with the least expense to his patient is the most successful. The lawyer that aids justice is the true success in law. The preacher that speaks the truth with prophetic conscience is the pulpit success. Yet there are physicians who prey upon the ignorance of their patients, lawyers who defeat justice, and preachers who salve consciences, all for the sake of temporary success in money-making. The secret of their true success is in service, of their false success is in exploitation of others.

True success, then, is in service, while exploitation is false success.

There is a success in business that means crushing out your rival. It is climbing up on the backs of others. It is my gain at your loss. There is a success that reaps the toil of many and appropriates it for self. It substitutes mental power for the physical force of more common hold-up men and keeps within the law. But where one gets without working, others must work without getting. It begets, in its extremity, a form of slavery worse than that of bonds, for it does not even make the master responsible for his servants' ills.

True success is in each getting what he earns, and there is enough for all.

Stealing is Trade.

To steal is to take the property of another without in any manner giving value received.

True trade consists in supplying wants, each party getting full value—it is simply an exchange of values. The element of profit enters in the service rendered in supplying reciprocal needs.

One man may steal by filching, another by taking advantage of ignorance or necessity or by the use of superior cunning, others by "influencing" legislation that will give them monopoly rights to turn the property of many into their private purses. If one is held up in the dark at the muzzle of a revolver and relieved of ten dollars, the thief is ten dollars richer, and the victim has nothing to show for the amount surrendered. If one takes advantage of the necessity or ignorance of another and employs his muscles or mind or both for ten dollars less than they are worth in the work done, he is ten dollars richer, while the worker has nothing to show for the toil he has given. If a corporation uses the franchise of a city, gained by bribery or some form of civic corruption, and gathers in a million, the people have nothing to show for their property right, and the corporation has a million for nothing. In two of the three cases the law permitted the transactions, but it is not enough to keep out of the sheriff's hands.

There is "room at the top" is the word of cheer sent down the line, but how many can stand on the "top"? It is good to attempt to gain the "top," if the means be beyond suspicion, but to climb by bending down the backs of others is not the success of true service. Talk of the "100,000 man" is irrational. No man can be in that class. It is impossible to conceive of one man personally using that amount annually or needing the accumulation he could gain from it. That is the combined earnings of more than 1,000 men above the average of earning capacity, and no man's ability can be of such disproportionate value. Such an earning capacity is simply incredible and the spending power it implies is impossible except we freely confess that an industrial feudalism is to be desired and the earnings of the masses given into the hands of a few to conserve for the benefit of the many.

Millionairism.

The same is true of millionairism. No millionaire has a realization of the amount of his wealth. No man ever earned that large a fortune in a land where the average amount of wealth for 52 per cent of the people is less than \$100 per capita. The amounts are too disproportionate to account for any degree of difference in earning capacity. It is stated that Mr. Rockefeller possesses \$400,000,000. That is equal to the possessions of any 4,000,000 of this 52 per cent of the American people. The only defense of such a fortune can be that an industrial feudalism is the best system and that Mr. Baer is right in his claim that the Lord gives great wealth to a few to administer for the benefit of the many. No greater sacrilege could be uttered in a country where most ideals are democratic. While one man will earn more than another, the utter disproportionateness of income and wealth is undefensible and the aspiration to gain the success of millionairism is not one of service but of exploitation. The individual millionaire may have done no personal wrong, but the system is not sound. It is on the basis that where one gets without working, another works without getting, that is, one gets more than he earns and another earns more than he gets.

In our land, one-eighth of the people own seven-eights of the property, and 63 per cent of the people possess less than \$175 per capita. These are U. S. Census statistics. The question may well be asked, "Are we prosperous, or are we only enjoying the prosperity of the few?" A panic will tell some day. It will test the ability of the masses to live comfortably under trying circumstances. True success in these things would give every man who toils the fruit of his toil, and with wealth distributed according to the part each takes in the work of the world, none need suffer but the indolent and improvident.

Success and Piety.

The old idea that success depends upon piety is gone. Jacob and his shrewd but questionable methods are no longer regarded as a fit example worthy of all emulation. Many of us are willing to pray "Lord, give me much and I will give you a tenth!" Most men would accept an opportunity to make nine dollars at the cost of one. The lily is a better example than the prosperous Jacob. It is not anxious, does not scramble, never designs secretly, preys not upon another, lives naturally, does its part, and reaps its fulness according to nature. Are we as insistent as Paul in the matter of extortion? He classed it with drunkenness and fornication. The story is told of a party who visited the South Seas, throwing pennies over the boat's edge to the little savages. One strong lad pushed and scrambled and tramples on his less powerful fellows and got half of the coveted wealth. He was then asked to dance, but refused on the plea that he had recently joined church.

The true measure of success cannot be fulfilled with the luxury of a few but in the comfort of many. No monopoly right is an honest right simply because it puts service in the hands of exploitation.

Any prosperity that leaves a victim is robbery, and that which leaves all a degree of plenty is a godsend.

Churches that have not yet made or remitted their offering to Home Missions should not delay this work. The month of May in our calendar is devoted to Home Missions, and no church should rest content to remain outside the fellowship of those who share generously the burden of this work.

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Edinburgh

One of the Seven Wonders—Its Monuments of the Past—Its Place in the Destiny of Kings—Its Religious Appeal

GRAPHO.

Scotland has a reputation for more weather than any other habitable region of the globe. But no days could have been fairer than those which I spent in Edinburgh. July had just come in, decked in all her summer glory, radiantly beautiful. With such a sky above and such a city before me I went forth in the morning on the high rounds of expectation. And there was no disappointment. Nobody can be disappointed with Edinburgh, for surely it is one of the "Seven Wonders of the World," or the "Modern Athens," if you want to take the classical view of it. Another writer is to follow me, and to him I leave the larger work of description, especially of the Edinburgh of today.

The Edinburgh of the Past.

I was more interested in the Edinburgh of the past, in the dead people rather than in the living, in the men and women who had been walking up and down the highways and side paths of memory ever since I was a child. It seems to me that I was very little when I first looked at a picture of Mary Stuart and sighed or cried—I have forgotten which. And now I was here in her own city, in the very place where she lived, and also stormed and cried. I nearly held my breath when I entered the old Castle, that great frowning, mighty fortress, which was the first structure in Edinburgh and around whose sloping heights the city was built. And when the guide took me far down below, to the room where her baby boy was born, I stood in solemn awe. Before or since or all around the globe, there never was quite so much of ruling power brought into the world as when that child, that heir of the Stuarts and of the Tudors, was born. When Elizabeth's hard hand relaxed in death England's sceptre passed to this baby, and today his posterity reign, not only over Great Britain and all her imperial possessions, but over nearly all Europe. But in spite of his amazing destiny, the little fellow had to scramble to keep on earth. They point to a window on the steep side of the castle from which the child was let down in a basket and hurried away to the Highlands. On the outside of the Castle I stopped in the street and looked up at the window and wondered what would have happened if the string had broken and the child had reached the ground too suddenly. Epochs of history, crowns and kingdoms hung on that little cord.

At Holyrood.

But my sentimental system was even more stirred when I walked through the halls and chambers of Holyrood Palace, for here was

Mary's home, the floors which she walked and on which she danced, the table at which she ate oatmeal—possibly, but I doubt it, the chairs, the bed, the mirror, all the belongings of the three hundred years ago. The mirror specially interested me, for it brought back the questions which Queen Elizabeth asked so often and from so many courtiers, "Is she really beautiful?" "What makes her beautiful?" "What is the color of her hair?" This last question must have been difficult to answer, for Mary is described as having numerous shades of hair, passing through all the hues between golden yellow and rich brown. As to her beauty, the mirror makes no revelation now, it is too much affected by the personal equation of the one who looks into it. But I always have clung to the belief that Mary was at least strikingly handsome. If she had been as homely as some women one sees in his travels through Scotland, Elizabeth might have had more compassion on her, for Mary was the one person on earth of whom she was seriously jealous.

Tragical Memories.

But Holyrood was stained with the blood of an awful tragedy, and I looked at the scene of this dreadful doing with painful recollection. The sun must have gone down behind the hills of Scotland like a ball rolled in blood on the evening of the 9th of March when that deed was done. For whatever Rizzio may have been, it was a shocking piece of murderous brutality to

tear him away from the supper table and hack him to death almost in the queen's presence. It is not strange that Lord Darnley got blown into eternity a year later. It was all coming to him for his part in this tragedy.

Mary's Character.

But of course one wishes that Mary Stuart had been somewhat different, and three hundred years later it is easy to see how she might have been different, even very good. But when we go back with the palace, its tables, chairs, mirrors, all, to the days when they were on duty, it is not so hard to understand why Mary's life took on so many high colors and why her career was so stormy and tragical. The lords and nobles around her were not much better than brigands, men of violence, more ready for bloody deeds than peaceful solutions. And John Knox was as violently good as the nobles were violently bad. His religion was a storm and his sermons thunderbolts—good storms and good thunderbolts, to be sure, but awfully hard for Mary to understand. Knox never took his sovereign into full consideration. We must. We have to remember that she was both a Stuart and a Tudor, and that meant more passion, disposition and surging elements of human nature, than any young woman could be expected to manage. Think what the Stuart kings were and what the Tudor kings and queens were, and then think what this young woman, with the rush of all that blood in her veins, had to contend against. But that was not all. Mary's mother was a Guise of France, and there is no disguising the character of that ducal family—they were tough for their day, and their day was one of the worst. The wonder is that Mary Stuart was not worse than she really was. Anyhow, it was an awful thing for Elizabeth to murder this helpless mother of her own successor.

But suppose that the woman who laid her head on the block at Fotheringay Castle, with so much dignity and calm resignation on that sad February day three hundred and twenty-three years ago, could now come up to Edinburgh with the great throngs who gather from all the kingdoms and colonies over which her posterity rule, would she think that she had lived in vain? Would she not be almost justified in saying "But one



Holyrood.

woman in all the history of the race has lived to more purpose, and she the Mary who also bore a man child?" Mary may have been weak, but Providence is strong.

At St. Giles.

On Sunday morning I went to St. Giles.



St. Giles.

It has a famous preacher, dead of course, and no other than the great John Knox. Here it was that he preached the sermons which shook Scotland. The sermon which I heard that morning did not shake anything, except a resolution to come again. But what made it seem more stupid was the fact that when I saw the preacher preceded by a beadle and ushered into his pulpit with so much ceremony it aroused my expectation. I ought to have known that more flummery usually means less sermon. But with a little imagination I could hear the voice of Knox beating against the sounding board of the past and echoing down the corridors of the three centuries. It is worth while to go to St. Giles, for prophets never die and the preacher who made St. Giles famous was a prophet.

Some St. Georges.

In the afternoon I went to St. Georges and in the evening to Free St. Georges. St. George pretty nearly owns the town on Sunday. In Free St. George Dr. Alexander Whyte was the preacher. He was great without being dead, and fortunately he is not yet dead, but is preaching fine sermons which have not only a multitude of hearers but a greater multitude of readers.

I should say, from what I saw that day, that Edinburgh is a paradise for preachers—the people go to church. When I went out in the early morning the streets were deserted; but when the church bells began to ring they were thronged with people. The whole population seemed to be on the way to church. Edinburgh keeps Sunday, and its people worship God. This is why Edinburgh has been selected as the gathering place of the greatest missionary conference ever assembled. It is a city to make a missionary body feel at home. Every good man and woman will feel at home there. Every praying saint and yearning prophet will breathe the air of hope in its precincts.

Appeals to Great Interests.

But this Edinburgh which is so great in its religious appeal also has its attractions for other interests. And here is a curious fact. The writer who follows me will tell you that men come from far to study Edin-

burgh's municipal methods, that committees go about its streets trying to peer into the secret of its success as a governing body. Which is insignificant. It means that the people who go to church on Sunday know best what to do on week days. This writer also will tell you that Edinburgh is a place where they do everything in the line of "high thinking." Which means that a believing people do not vacate their thinking apparatus. Belief helps thought. Faith helps everything which is worth helping. We hear much about the beauty and value of altruism. But when or where was there ever so much altruism concentrated on one spot of the globe as will be represented at Edinburgh when the missionary hosts gather on its beauty-crowned hills?

of German cities going about Edinburgh studying civic methods.

Most Beautiful City in the World.

Baedeker, who seems to have been everywhere, says that Edinburgh is the most romantically beautiful city in the world. On a bright day in the late spring or early summer no one will be disposed to dispute this praise. Of course Naples or Palermo, between the Mountains and the sea, may linger in your memory; but the clearer northern sky, the brilliant green, the grey stones, the clean and interesting streets, the sharp hills and the wonderful bridges give a life to the charm of Edinburgh that no southern city can possess. It is full of interest. History, religion, literature, art, romance, poetry, philosophy, law and science—everything of importance to human life, where plain living and high thinking are at all valued—have been built into the record of Scotland's capital. The University, founded by James V. in 1582 with its 3,000 students, and the Medical School, with its 1,400 students; the Library, Heriot's Hospital, the Royal Infirmary, the Botanic Garden, the Scott Monumetary, the Museum and the National Gallery show the intellect and artistic vigor of the place. Names like those of David Hume, Adam Smith, Robertson, Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott, Wilson, Jeffrey, Chalmers, Drummond, Robert Louis Stevenson rush to the memory at the mention of Edinburgh. The stories of Queen Mary, John Knox, the Covenanters, Bonnie Prince Charley and a dozen historic and romantic personages of the past will recur.

Two Cities.

There are really two cities in Edinburgh—the Old Town and the New Town. The Old Town is set in the midst of the new like an antique jewel in a new ring. The Castle, Holyrood, St. Giles's, the Parliament House, Canongate, the closes, the courts, the narrow, tortuous gloomy streets, the comfortless, grim, grey, tall buildings of the Old Town contrast dramatically with the green parks and white drives, the wide avenues, the smart shops, hotels, residences and public buildings of the New Town. Prince street in the New Town is a gay modern city thoroughfare—the most beautiful street in Europe. High

Old and New Edinburgh

BY THE REV. HERBERT PARRISH.

Not the least charm of Edinburgh is the absence of smoke. To the Highlander coming down to the city from the heather, seeing the many chimney-pots giving forth their thin smoke, the place may seem to be "Auld Reekie"; but to the man from the thick muck of Glasgow or Newcastle—not to mention Pittsburgh or Chicago—the clean streets and clear atmosphere alone will justify the name of "Modern Athens." A city of over 300,000 inhabitants, with its share of manufacturing, Edinburgh has a reputation for municipal



Prince's Street.

improvements, an eye for the artistic, the thorough, the economic and the clean, that is recognized all over the world. You may see committees from the governing bodies

street in the Old Town is a place where you might expect to meet a procession of knights in armour. The Old Town is picturesque, crowded, poverty-stricken, Gothic. The New

Town is prosperous, clean, up-to-date. Ruskin, whose sympathies were mediæval, derided the smart newness of the buildings in the New Town; but Robert Louis Stevenson, with a more human instinct, felt their fascination. Besides, to Americans the New Town is not so new. It is eighteenth century rather than twentieth. George street, or Queen street, with their solid, massive style of buildings, their monuments and statues of worthies who flourished before our states were born, give a sense of respectable antiquity. The New Town is new merely by contrast with the Old Town. There is nothing crude about it, and the tradition of a mature literary culture, like the veil of sea-mist which has softened its stones, is over the whole place.

A Dream out of the Middle Ages.

The Old Town is a dream out of the middle ages. It for the most part dates only from

in surroundings regarded as miserable even for the poorest today.

Knox's Church.

"Come," said Dr. Samuel Johnson, when he and Boswell went to the great church of St. Giles, "let us see what was once a church."

As great medieval churches go, the collegiate church of St. Giles never was very famous architecturally. The present structure dates from the fourteenth century. Its lantern tower and the artful arrangement of its interior pillars are the only features of interest remaining. Here, as effectively as anywhere, the Reformation created havoc and let loose the dogs of war. The hammer-like eloquence of John Knox, who preached here his twenty sermons a week, each an hour or two long and terrific in vehemence, smashed the stained-glass windows, shattered the carved images of saints, broke in pieces the priceless fabrics of mediæval art,

on its lofty crag, surrounded by its green park in the centre of the city, Edinburgh wears as a crown. It is now utterly useless. In the days of Pict and Saxon it was a "hold"; later a bone of contention between Scotch and English; a haven of refuge in troublous times for Scottish kings; then prison for Frenchmen; it has finally become a recruiting station for a kilted regiment and a show place for tourists. Its moat and drawbridge and portcullis, its museum and armory, its royal apartments, its obsolete artillery, the little chapel of St. Margaret, the inscriptions of French prisoners, the legends of a thousand years make of it a civic ornament and an historical monument. The view from its battlements to the Firth Bridge is superb. The wattled huts of the people have vanished, but in their place, beyond the Old Town, stretch the many busy streets, the roofs of comfortable homes, the libraries, schools, hospitals, gardens, of the people of the New Town. That is the fascination of Edinburgh. The Old Town, dominated by the castle, is the story in stone of a past age. Formerly the lords of the castle summoned their wild vassals from their wattled huts, or, clad in bright armour and armed with long spears, pricked the people to the fields of labor or for war and hanged those that murmured.

A Social Revolution.

The movement which rendered castles obsolete and palaces uncomfortable, which transformed the wattled huts of the common people into the New Town, was the same movement which shattered the abbey and changed the Collegiate Church of St. Giles. The Reformation was in essence a social revolution, a movement of the people. The caste system of an aristocratic class, the privileged and numerous clergy have given way to the democratic and lay tendency of modern life, modern government and modern religion. The movement in the sixteenth century began in Scotland in a mist of Scotch Calvinism. But there was in the cloud the lightning of a social revolution, of the rising of a people and the theory of liberty. There is a pathos in the ruined arches and roofless aisles of Holyrood Abbey. The fragments of delicate tracery that remain, the exquisite designs, the chisled stones, speak of a dignity of worship and a piety in the past that must be recognized. But the intelligence and prosperity, the liberty and vigor of the holiday crowd pressing along Princes street in the New Town tell a story also. It is the story of new ideals for society, or new standards for civilization, the story of the purpose of the Reformation and the accomplishments of the modern world. And better than any other place Edinburgh, with its wonderful combination of the Old Town and the New, tells the story in a way not to be found in books.

Prayer

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray if thou canst, with hope; but ever
pray,
Though hope be weak or sick with long de-
lay;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light,
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall
cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of
Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see;
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.
—Hartley Coleridge.

The Infirmary.

the middle of the sixteenth century, for a great fire at that time destroyed many of the earlier houses. Of recent years whole districts have been rebuilt and modernized, and new streets have been driven through the old quarters. But enough of the mediæval character of the place remains. In Europe the authorities know well that the ancient and the picturesque are assets drawing thousands of visitors from every quarter of the globe and consequently to be preserved. The canny Scot is wise. He will show you Whitehorse Close, a meeting place of the Jacobites, John Knox's house, where John Knox is said not to have lived, and the Greyfriar's church with the graveyard where the "Covenant" was signed in 1638. If you want a thrill of historic memory, visit Queen Mary's room at Holyrood. It is preserved in almost the condition it was on that night when Rizzio was murdered.

Famous and Romantic.

A dozen famous and romantic places may be found in the Old Town. The heart of Midlothian, site of the Old Tolbooth, the grave of Knox, the advocates in wig and gown still conferring with their clients in the great Hall of the Law Courts, are among the sights. It is a lesson in mediæval history to wander through the quaint streets. These tall, gloomy houses were once the palaces of the great. They are now the crowded, unsanitary tenements of the slums, inhabited by Irish and unsafe to be about at night. At their best they lacked comfort in the modern sense. You admire the picturesque architecture of the Old Town, but you choose your hotel in Prince street in the New. The glamor of romance which Sir Walter Scott's novels have thrown over mediæval life dies out when the actual mode of living is seen. Princes and prelates lived four centuries ago

destroyed altars and shrines. In Dr. Johnson's day the scars were very visible. St. Giles's was occupied by four distinct congregations of worshippers, the great church being partitioned off for their convenience. A prejudice existed even against cleanliness in churches. "The pew swept and lined!" cried Mess John's wife; "my husband would think it downright popery!" Even Boswell admitted that the church was shamefully dirty.

Cleaned Up.

Since Johnson's time the higher aesthetic taste of nations, the appreciation of mediæval art first stimulated by the Waverly Novels, have caused the attempted restoration of St. Giles's. The place is swept and garnished. There are modern stained-glass windows, and monuments abound. The memorial of Robert Louis Stevenson is placed among those of Montrose and Argyle. The war-worn banners of Scottish regiments give a touch of color for the eye and a thrill to memory. Here Knox shaped history. Here Jennie Geddes threw her stool.

A mediæval church, especially of the Gothic type, is not well adapted to the use of the Protestant religion. There is an incongruity in the structure. The great choir, separated formerly by an impenetrable screen, the many chapels for masses, the arrangement of the building for a worship by the clergy exclusively without reference to the comfort or convenience of the people, without the idea of an auditorium for the preaching of sermons, make an awkward adaptation for modern needs which will be especially observed in the cathedrals in England. The Scots, more logical and less conservative, rooted out the screens and turned the church into a meeting house.

The Castle.

Holyrood Abbey is a shattered fragment, but the palace stands; and this castle, built

The Knights of King Arthur

(Of the Hyde Park Church.)

BY RICHARD W. GENTRY

Dear Mr. Gentry,

*Chicago Ill
May 12 1910*

*I have decided that I would like
to belong to the Knights of King Arthur.
Will you please tell me on what day
I may be initiated and on what
day the next meeting will be.*

Was it actually true that a real live boy was enthusiastic about something connected with the church? This seemed too good to be true. But it was true, for something had been found that "made good" with the boy.

The History of the Order.

"It was a snowy afternoon in midwinter, the 10th of February, 1893, that a Congregational pastor in the village of Riverside, Rhode Island, gathered twenty boys in a little chamber in his home to organize a society which he had decided to call the Knights of King Arthur. For some time there had been lurking in his mind the memory of a college fraternity to which he had belonged and whose ceremonials were based upon the customs of ancient knighthood. It occurred to him that something of this sort might suit these boys, who were tired of a rather stormy company of the Boys' Brigade." Thus was born the order. Now it numbers over 1,300 castles and about 35,000 boys are believed to have been members.

The Order and the Boy.

But why was this lad so anxious to join the order? For those who are interested in the scientific viewpoint the following words of G. Stanley Hall may be illuminating. ("Adolescence"):

"The spirit of the pure chivalry of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table affords perhaps the very best ideals for youth to be found in history." . . . "The value of this material makes it almost biblical for the early and middle teens. It teaches the highest reverence for womanhood, piety, valor, loyalty, courtesy, munificence, justice and obedience. Here we find the origin of most of the modern ideas of the gentleman, who is tender, generous, and helpful, as well as brave. . . . This material educates the heart at an age when sentiment is predominant. It is the best expression of the adolescent stage of our race. . . . This spirit is organized in and its fitness shown in the growth and success of the Knights of King Arthur, an unique order of Christian Knighthood for boys."

For those who are interested in the practical viewpoint, the story of how we got our castle and the attitude of our boys may explain the enthusiasm of the candidate mentioned above. There was a boy in our neighborhood who had belonged to a Castle of the Knights of King Arthur. And it had gotten into his blood. He had visions of a new castle, over which he was willing to preside in the modest capacity of king. And he would be ready for kingship if he

succeeded in the difficult and knightly task of finding a Merlin. For it takes time to be a Merlin and most people in the great city are very busy. The Merlin secured, there still remained another introductory step in the gathering together of a

Bunch of Boys.

We got them together. They were a motley group. Some were little, some were big. They were about as solidified as the recent comet's tail: Back we fled—to our Mount Horeb, the text-book, to get our courage rejuvenated. Was there a place in this order for our ten, twelve, and sixteen year old boys? Joy came when we read the words, "The plan of the order is, by use of a form for meeting imitative of the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table, by progressive degrees of honor corresponding to the three degrees of chivalry, to furnish the outline of a non-secret boys' fraternity. . . . The degree of page, representing the servitude of the old time castle, is regarded as a temporary position, although some never rise above it. The watchwords of this degree

chivalry. The degree of Knight represents the ideals of Christian Knighthood. It is to be followed, if possible, by giving the young Knight a quest."

So we made them pages and esquires, reserving the Knighthood for a last step. Meanwhile we had found it necessary to find our meeting place,

The Castle of the Lake.

Here in the attic room of a generous mother we began in our small weak way. The boys hardly knew what it meant. The throne of the King was erected, a siege perilous set up, the walls were decorated with the Maltese Cross, and preparations were begun for the first initiation.

The First Initiation.

In he came, a little shaver, with the blindfold tight over his eyes, and the ceremony began. Amidst much forgetting of parts and chaotic excitement it proceeded. Game to the core, the small chap faced its every stage. Tremulous feelings were bottled up in true knightly fashion. At one point the lad, hearing his brother's familiar voice, called out in a tone of immense relief, "That's you, Roland," then went on as brave as before.

Thus one by one we took them in, learning the parts more thoroughly each time, the heat of the thing welding the boys together, the seriousness of it sinking into each boy's heart as we read to the candidates their noble virtues and swore them in. But an order could not live by initiations alone, and soon we found ourselves face to face with the question,

What to do With the Boys?

Again to Horeb, where we read, that through the summer indoor meetings should be disbanded and the boys given "Quests," tramps for nature study, visits to historic sites, tournaments and hiking trips, and best of all, "a week in tents together and with their Merlin, where the sweet intercourse



RICHARD W. GENTRY AND HIS KNIGHTS.

are watchfulness, obedience and service. The degree of esquire represents preparation for Knighthood. Its virtues are purity, temperance and reverence, the typical virtues of

with nature and the sharing of hardship will do more for them all than the weekly meeting indoors for a whole winter."

But since we were yet in our infancy, we

decided to compromise, holding an indoor meeting now and then, but laying the emphasis on "God's out of doors." One afternoon a week was set for baseball. Other outings were planned. One morning ten lads with wheels met for a "hot bacon tournament." Amidst punctured tires and jangling bells they peddled to ye jousting grounds. There the main feature of the day was to joust bacon off a hot rock. One novice had said to his mother: "That bacon on a hot rock doesn't sound good to me. Fix me up a ham sandwich and some boiled eggs." Gingerly he was persuaded to joust his first slice from off the rock. Gingerly he bit it—the first bite. Then he sat on his ham sandwich and threw his eggs in the lake.

Meanwhile initiations proceeded until we had twenty-one fine boys, and it seemed good that some indoor meetings should be held. The idea of fun was rampant. Could the serious side be brought to the front? To Horeb once more:

The Round Table Conclave.

Together they stood around their Merlin after Sunday-school while he explained to

them that each lad was to have a cape, covering the elbows, with maltese cross. Each lad was to report on his Knight, telling who he was and why he chose him. The minister conferred his dining-room and provided a table both wide and long. The day came. The boys came. The house bulged with boys. They "bulged" into the dining-room. Each took his seat. Their eyes took in each other, the spears on the wall, the maltese cross banners, Arthur on his throne, Merlin, sedate—the spirit of the thing seized upon their boyish souls and they were changed into

Knights of the Round Table.

A brief prayer; the oath of secrecy; the financial report. Then King Arthur called for each to tell of his Knight. One by one they rose in their seats, manner sedate, faces eager, interest at white heat, and voices full of feeling spoke, "I chose my knight because he was a good fighter. He was the bravest knight King Arthur had." Other Knights and other virtues were described. But every now and then a voice piped out, "I chose my knight because he was a great fighter." Thus passed our first conclave, successful beyond our greatest hopes. And if by this time you are still asking the question,

What is it for?
I would reply: "The Knights of King Arthur is to keep a boy from evil and to so direct his activities as to build up character. We are giving our boys all sorts of things to do. There was a committee of the comet, appointed to spy out the "sky tramp" and report to a later conclave; a committee to draw up a system of discipline; a committee on music; a committee on the camping trip next fall; baseball captains, and other offices will follow. We have appointed some honorary members and they seem duly impressed. We took a gentleman whose name was luminous with an appendage of Ph. Ds and LL. Ds on an outing, and he felt honored to umpire the baseball game, continuing humbly in the face of a side line ejaculation, "Get a new umpire."

This is the story of our "Castle of the Lake" in its first crude stage. Its very crudity is fascinating in lieu of the infinite possibilities that lie ahead. If you are interested in the boy, write W. B. Forbush, Taylor and Third avenue, Detroit, Mich., sending one dollar for the book, "The Boys' Round Table," or \$2.25 for complete outfit. If you start a castle your greatest reward will be to learn how much there is inside of a boy.

Gran'dad's Memorial

BY HENRIETTA FLINT SIMMERMAN

A timid knock at the back door was answered by the cordial call of "Come in" from Mrs. Mason. Lula Brown entered quietly, her thin face white with the very intensity of her desire.

"Oh, Mrs. Mason please, I wondered if you had some work I could do. I don't care what it is, I'll rake the yard or weed the flowers—or anything I'm big enough to do and I'm getting quite large you see."

"Yes, I see. But child, I don't know of a thing you could do today. The colored man around the corner is going to keep our lawn and garden in shape this summer and I had a woman here all last week cleaning house, so things are pretty well done up. What are you wanting money for now? You are too ambitious for a girl of your age."

"Tomorrow is Memorial Day," ventured Lula.

"Oh I see, and you want a new ribbon for your hair. That makes me think, I came across a bit of new ribbon in the house cleaning and I thought I'd give it to you for your hair. Wait a minute, I know just where I put it."

"Oh thank you very much," as Mrs. Mason reappeared with the ribbon so dear to the little orphan's heart. "I do need a ribbon badly but it was flowers I was thinking of. Flowers for grandfather's grave. I couldn't bear to see flowers on all the other graves and none on dear grandfather's and he loved them so."

"But the soldiers will put flowers there. Haven't I heard you say he was a soldier?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," then slowly, "but he was a Confederate."

"Well, now that is too bad. I just wish I had some flowers to give you, but I promised all the snowballs and syringas to the committee and I'm sure none of my peonies will be ready, it has been such a backward spring."

"I asked Miss Bates to please let me be excused from marching with the other children, but she said it was little enough us charity children can do for our country. I asked Mrs. Jones for just one lilac, but she said they were all for the committee and anyhow she had no flowers for a Confederate. But, Mrs. Mason, grandad fought for his home and what he thought was right. He often told me just those words. Well, goodbye;

I'll go over to Mrs. Lockwood's and see if she doesn't want me to tend the baby for an hour or so."

But Mrs. Lockwood and the baby were not at home and Lula went sadly back to the charity school.

That night long after the lights were out one pair of eyes stared into the darkness and one heart beat fast as the little brain formed a daring plan. The next morning she was up bright and early and hurried through with the simple tasks that fell to her lot. Then gaining permission to be gone an hour she sped to the florists.

At the door she faltered and her resolution almost failed her, but the sight of the flowers in the windows and the hurrying crowd coming out of the door laden with great baskets of sweet scented blossoms drove her mad and she went in.

"A dozen white carnations please, and charge them to the Murdo Florist Co."

The man was too hurried to look fairly at the child else he could have seen how she trembled.

To the cemetery she hastened bearing her precious burden. Kneeling beside her grandfather's grave she murmured softly, "Dear grandad, I brought some flowers after all. I had to tell a story to get them but I didn't have any money and I could not earn a penny but I tried. I don't have anybody to love me since you are gone and for all I'm telling you, you'll never really know how I got these flowers."

Then kissing them one by one she laid them tenderly on the grave and went back to the school. That afternoon she carried a flag and marched in the procession with the other children, but there was a strange ache at her heart and as soon as the exercises were over she went slowly to Mrs. Mason's.

That good woman had had a busy day and was resting on her porch as Lula appeared. The thin white face was thinner and whiter than ever and Mrs. Mason wondered if she had lost her precious ribbon.

"Have a seat, do, child. You look tired, but I guess everybody is after such a day. I'm glad I'm home and do not have to budge again tonight."

Lula wasted no words but came to the point at once. "Dear Mrs. Mason, you have

always been kind to me, you are the only person who has been kind to me since granddad died. But you will not like me any more when you know what I did today. I got some flowers at Kirby's and told them to charge them to Murdo's. They were in such a hurry they did not ask any questions."

"Child, don't you know that is very wrong?"

"Yes I know, but I thought you would understand as I just came to tell you. I am going now to explain to Mr. Kirby. I don't know what he will do to me but I had to get flowers for grandad."

"Wait a minute child and I will walk down with you. I want to see Mr. Kirby about some scarlet geraniums."

But it was not of scarlet geraniums that Mrs. Mason thought as they walked in silence to the florists. The rush of the day was over and Lula walked straight up to Mr. Kirby, while Mrs. Mason seemed intent on examining such flowers as still remained unsold.

"Please, Mr. Kirby, I came to tell you that the flowers I got here this morning were not for Murdo's but to put on grandfather's grave. I had no flowers and no money and I had to get some for grandad."

The angry man glared at her. "Who's your grandad that I should furnish flowers for him? You are a wicked child and should be sent to the reform school. I shall turn you over to the police."

With never a look of pity toward the pinched little face he started toward the door but was confronted by Mrs. Mason.

"What is the price of the flowers she got?"

"One dollar, but you need not think to buy me off that way. Such conduct must be punished. What's to hinder her trying that trick over again? I must call the police."

"There is no need of that. I will vouch for her future good behavior. She will appear in court in the morning if need be, for I shall be there to make application for adopting her. Come, Lulu, let us go home."

Two big tears crept down the pale cheeks as they started down the street and a choked little voice said, "Oh, Mrs. Mason, do you suppose I can ever be good enough to be your little girl?"

June 16, 1910

Australia and the State Convention

BY ALBERT J. SAUNDERS

Gold! What an irresistibly magnetic power has almighty gold! Who does not know of California in '49, or the Klondyke? Australia likewise was advertised to the world by the rich Ballarat finds in the early days, when the wonderful Mount Morgan mine, and more recently Coolgardie, and the rich Golden Mile, which have placed western Australia among the greatest gold-producing countries of modern times. Until the gold rush of a quarter of a century ago West Australia was isolated and practically unknown, but since then things have been moving in this great state. One may justly call it great, for it is three times the size of Texas, and has over 900,000 square miles of territory.

Encouragement.

This large area has nevertheless a shockingly small population. There are less than 300,000 people in the whole state. Perth is the chief city on the Swan river, beautiful for situation. In Perth we have an influential church ministered to by W. B. Blakemore recently of Bridgeport, Conn. He and his good wife are adjusting themselves admirably to Australia and her ways, and their solid constructive work, especially in Bible-school methods, is beginning to tell. Mr. Blakemore commends very highly the Australian church for many of her positions and practices, but there are some things he would like to see altered. Quietly yet surely, and with an encouraging response, is the larger vision and greater social outlook appealing to the people. So it is everywhere that the message of the kingdom of God comes to the hearts of men.

Aborigines Disappearing.

The aborigines of Australia are a disappearing people. They are very primitive and inferior, and in contact with the white man the fittest survives. In the western state the black man is found principally in the northwest. They have caused trouble to the white settler, but in the main they are docile and reserved, and prefer to live alone in their native simplicity. Spencer and Gillen have done a valuable work in their studies of the Australian natives. There are several branches of mission work conducted for the good of the natives. The state has industrial institutions which are doing good work. The Roman Catholics have missions in many parks confined almost exclusively to the native children, while just recently the Presbyterians have ordained a splendid medical graduate of Melbourne University to become their leader in mission work among the aborigines.

To Be a Great Fruit Country.

Until very recently the chief revenue to the state was its gold mines, but now other important industries are being developed. The state is destined to be a great fruit producing country. Thousands of acres are already planted with apples, oranges, pears, lemons, vines, etc. The Jarrah timber trade has immense possibilities. Jarrah is becoming important on the lumber market. But wheat growing seems to offer the greatest promise. There is really an exodus to the land. The government is making liberal terms to land seekers. A man with two or three sons can secure several hundred acres free upon certain improvement conditions. And let it ever be remembered that Australia is the paradise of the working man. He works only eight hours a day, has a weekly half-holiday, and a delightful climate the year round. Last week were held the federal elections, and it has resulted in another labor victory. Like all new countries Australia has her problems, many and great

they are, but this is God's country, there are many noble Christian souls here, and the prospects are bright.

Easter week is the annual state convention of the Christian churches of western Australia. It is the great church event of the year. As did the pious Hebrews so long ago from mountain and vale, city and hamlet, wend their way to the holy city, so from many parts of this great state come the faithful to our Zion, Lake Street Church, Perth, to worship, to fellowship, to plan.

Annual Conference.

The convention or conference is an association of churches of Christ banded together for religious work. New churches are admitted to the association upon application and approval. The business of the association is done at this conference by delegates representing the churches. Committees are selected to see that the suggested work is done during the year. All the activities of the church are represented in mass inspirational meetings during conference week. One item of unusual interest this year was a lecture by the conference president, Mr. G. B. Maysey, a centennial delegate, on, "My Visit to the Pittsburg Centennial, and Notes by the Way." The church in Australia is deeply interested in the progress of the work in America and it is needless to say that the lecture was much appreciated.

One feature of our annual meetings is the conference picnic—the social event of the conference gatherings. A beautiful spot is chosen down the river Swan, steam boats are chartered, and all young and old go to the picnic. The advantages of pleasure and fellowship and deeper talk about the work are inestimable. The present year gives promise of much success.

The writer has located with the church at Fremantle. Fremantle is the chief port of the state, and has a population of about 30,000. Some influential men of business and civic recognition are on the membership roll, and the prospects for perhaps slow but genuinely constructive work are good.

279 High St., Fremantle, West Australia.

Religious Situation in Europe

From the Address of Dr. J. H. Shakespeare of London Before the Northern Baptist Convention in Chicago.

We must remember that Europe is only nominally Christian. Religiously it may be roughly divided into three great sections. The Latin nations are Roman Catholic, the northern are Lutheran or Calvinistic, while the eastern or Slavs are of the Greek or Russian church. I do not propose to discuss how far the church in Germany is the charred stump of what was once a living tree, blasted by rationalism, but it is certain that the hand of the state has crushed out its life and that the masses of the people are alienated from it. Nothing could be more significant than one fact: in England the leaders of the Labor Party in the House of Commons are most of them earnest Christians and local preachers, but in Germany the Social-Democrat movement is entirely atheistic. In Catholic countries the gospel has been lost in mists of superstition. The "untroubled many" disregard the church and give themselves to the follies and vices of the great cities. Educated and earnest Catholics find it increasingly difficult to believe, and to be at peace, as Father Tyrrell said, it is necessary for them "not to see, or hear, or read, or converse, or live."

The worship of the Russian church is cold and formal and many of its priesthood ignorant, its hierarchy not daring to lift up a voice against massacre or in defense of patriots. Is it surprising that in Europe the church is on one side, upholding war, hiding the Key of Knowledge, withholding the Bible, setting her seal and benediction upon every wrong, and on the other side are the people, the struggling, disinherited, unshepherded masses of humanity? On an island, washed by the waters of the Neva, the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, rises grim and sinister, looking out upon St. Petersburg. The student sees it from the university. The peasant sees it as wrapped in his sheep-skins he goes to his daily task. There are the tombs of the emperors, the lords of life and death to the hundred millions of Russia. There are the mighty fortifications like the entrenched strength of an impregnable empire; there, deep down below the water level, with filth and vermin, are the dungeons in which the martyrs of liberty have endured innumerable wrongs; and above it all, the crown and flower of the system is the church of St. Peter and St. Paul. It is strange that as the years go by all that is enlightened and humane in Russia turns with distrust from a church which it connects with despotism?

A Little Nonsense

MATES

Bobby—"Honest, is there twins at your house?"

Tommy — "Honest! An' they're just alike."

Bobby—"Built just the same way, or are they rights and lefts?"—Toledo Blade.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

A young preacher who was staying at a clergy house was in the habit of retiring to his room for an hour or more each day to practice pulpit oratory. At such times he filled the house with sounds of fervor and pathos, and emptied it of most everything else.

Phillips Brooks—so the story goes—chanced to be visiting a friend in this house one day when the budding orator was holding forth.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the bishop, starting up in assumed terror. "Pray, what might that be?"

"Sit down, bishop," his friend replied. "That's only young D. practicing what he preaches."—The Interior.

A BARGAIN.

A well dressed man was standing outside a bookseller's shop in Charing Cross road, closely examining one of Balzac's works, illustrated by Gustave Dore. "How much is this Balzac?" he asked an assistant outside.

"Twenty-five shillings," was the reply.

"Oh, that's far too much. I must see the manager about a reduction," continued the prospective customer, and, suiting the action to the word, he took up the book and went into the shop.

Approaching the bookseller, he took the book from under his arm and asked what he would give for it. "Seven shillings, highest offer," he was told.

"The offer was accepted—the man took his money, and left.

"Well," queried the assistant later, after the man had gone, "were you able to hit off with the gentleman, sir?"

"Oh, yes. I managed to get another copy of that edition of Balzac for seven shillings."

Then the bookseller went out to lodge a complaint with the police.—London Weekly Telegraph.

A
SERIAL
STORY

Donald Graeme

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By
M. A.
FULTON

CHAPTER SIX.

When the Bolt Fell.

September, the month of many colors, was drawing towards the close. The crimson, and yellows, and browns that had spread themselves so lavishly over foliage, high and low, from the early days of the month, were beginning to take on spots of age, and its wrinkles too. And overhead, among the trees, one could hear the continual rustle, rustle, rustle of a language not yet understood by the vast majority of that mighty multitude of beings, calling themselves men. But to those who know, the dying leaves are simply whispering words of hope and faith to each other, ere they quit a narrow environment to enter a state of rest, from which they will again rise into existence on a higher plane.

Donald Graeme stood in the manse garden, rake in hand, a light in his clear, blue eyes that we have not seen before. He seemed to be watching the swirling, eddying floating leaves, as they chased one another, sometimes in twos and threes, at others in showers, and fell all round him on the dry ground.

"Moralizing on the falling leaves, Donald?" said Mr. Sinclair, as he came round a bend in the path and found the young man watching so intently the death dance of the leaves.

"I am not given to moralizing, Mr. Sinclair. But, does it not seem sad to see things—such beautiful things as they were, too—with so brief a life?"

"Their lives are not over, Donald," he said, laughing and giving the leaves under his feet a gentle kick. Donald looked puzzled.

"They look very like it," he said.

"Is not this a magnificent beech tree, under which we stand, lad?"

"Very."

"And it has put forth its leaves and carried its mast, and felt the summer sun and the winter's blast for more years than you or I can guess. And in all probability it will stand here and live and grow long, long years after you and I have passed beyond human ken. Yet remember, Donald, that in helping to build up that mighty trunk, and spread out these giant arms, the dead leaves of the centuries gone by have had their part to do. We can see them here," he laid his hand on the hoary tree-trunk as he concluded, "not dead, but alive."

"I see," said Donald, smiling back into the minister's rapt face, "and I think I'll enjoy the apples this year all the more for that thought." They both laughed gaily.

"I fear we do not often look far beneath the surface for our blessings; yet when we think of it, does it not seem strange that dead leaves such as we now trample under our feet, may one day, through the medium of the apple kingdom, say—help to build up the colossal fabrics of two philosophers' brains—yours and mine, Donald?" They were laughing again most heartily, when Donald, who faced the garden gate, exclaimed:

"Oh, here's Jeanie, and her school friend, I suppose. She was to come today." They left their bicycles at the gate and came tripping along the leaf-strewn path, a pair of the most gladsome things on God's fair earth—two maidens not yet out of their 'teens, who are knit together in bonds of friendship, born from the love of each, for high ideals of life.

"This is my friend, Elsie Wallace, Mr. Sinclair."

"Let me bid you welcome to Brigend, Miss Elsie," said Mr. Sinclair, warmly clasping her hand.

"My brother Donald, Elsie." Donald blushed most becomingly, but Elsie looked calm and self-possessed, as she said brightly, "I've known you both for ages—and I am very glad to meet you—and, oh, what a dear old garden, Mr. Sinclair. How I should love to work in it."

"Donald and I are half killed trying to put it in order. We shall be very glad of another hand, won't we Donald?"

"Most certainly. But would it not be wise of us to get the apples safely stored away, before we engage additional help?"

"You are most ungallant, Mr. Donald Graeme. I'll tell you what we'll do, Mr. Sinclair, Jeanie and I will come to help gather the apples, leaving Mr. Donald at home. Will that arrangement do, Mr. Sinclair?"

"Splendidly," he replied. "Donald has been my assistant every half-holiday, I believe, for five weeks past. I have not the slightest doubt but he is weary of the job now. Say you are, Donald. Don't you see what a gain it will be to me to have two assistants instead of one. What do you say, Jeanie?"

"If it would do me as much good to work in the garden as it has done Donald, the sooner I come the better."

"Does no one think of the good it might do me, a poor Robinson Crusoe in the desert island of the manse garden, to see a human face betimes—other than my man, Friday?" He pointed with mock solemnity at Donald, who pretended to wipe tears away as he answered:

"It's not fair, Mr. Sinclair, so it's not, to put me out of the garden before Eve comes into it—besides there are two of them—" He paused and glanced mischievously at Mr. Sinclair who joined most delightedly in the laugh that followed Donald's speech.

"It is time we were off, Elsie, if we are to reach Motherwell and come back in time for tea."

"Oh, I'm sorry I have not my bicycle here," said Donald eagerly, I could go with you."

"We must go without you, Donald," Jeanie said; then she added, "We'll not be long, and mother told us to ask you, Mr. Sinclair, to kindly walk down with Donald to our house for tea."

"Thanks ever so much, Jeanie. I was just going to invite myself." Nobody ever remembered Mr. Sinclair in such high spirits as he had evinced lately. His friends all said his improved health dated from the time of his motoring tour with his brother, the Edinburgh solicitor.

Elsie Wallace and Jeanie had only stayed a few minutes in the manse garden, yet so well had they enjoyed the harmless chatter there that both girls left in the best of spirits with themselves and with every one else. So soon as they were fairly off on their bykes and well out of hearing Elsie exclaimed:

"Why, Jeanie, you used to speak of Mr. Sinclair as if he were an elderly man. He's quite young, and a splendid looking man." Jeanie felt herself blush most uncomfortably, but she tried to look unconcerned.

"He's turning gray, Elsie; but no matter, he has been a true friend to Donald and to me. There's nobody else like him dear, that's the truth."

"I can well believe it," answered Elsie, sagely.

Mr. Sinclair and Donald leaned over the garden gate watching the girls in silence till they were out of sight.

"Your sister's friend is a bright little body, Donald. She reminds me of what Thomas Carlyle once said to your mother when she called with some others to see him in his house at Chelsea: 'Right weel I ken by your face that you're a guid Scotch lassie.' He could have given no higher praise, lad."

"It was great, Mr. Sinclair. But this—this Miss Wallace is bonny, I'll warrant. If she's 'guid' too, so much the better. Didn't she look just like a part of the garden in that dark brown dress she wore?"

"Donald, what's the matter with you? I seldom notice what a woman wears, but I am almost certain, this one was dressed in navy blue."

"Oh, it is Jeanie you are thinking of." Mr. Sinclair had to laugh again. Never had Donald and he spent so merry an evening together, though they had enjoyed many a long, delightful evening among the flowers and fruits of the old manse garden, since that evening in August when Donald had shown so much anxiety to leave his native land for life in the far West. Mr. Sinclair had never by word or look, shown Donald that he guessed his trouble. He laughed over Donald's idea of farming in Canada, and insisted on the young fellow's spending evening after evening with him among his flowers, fruits and vegetables, always declaring that he was highly indebted to Donald for his valuable help. But while they tended the garden, the good man was sowing seeds of another kind, in his young friend's mind, and already Donald was hankering after a higher life than he had ever dreamt of till now. If he could only forget the miserable past, how happy he would be.

True, there were times, like the present, when he did forget, but the thought of the money Jeanie had given him and the secrecy she maintained about it, would come into his mind even in his gayest moments, spoiling everything. Many a time lately he had been on the verge of telling Mr. Sinclair all, but he feared to lose his best friend by letting him know how wicked he had been. Erring men, like Donald, know little of the greatness of a good man's heart. So he held his peace. And the minister, groping in the darkness, hoped on, and prayed on, for the sheep that was lost.

"We have still an hour to spare, Donald," said Mr. Sinclair, looking at his watch, "what shall we do with ourselves?"

"Go down to the riverside. I like to see the Clyde swirling among the boulders."

"So do I, Donald. When I wish to get up a sermon on the greatness of service, I often take an hour by the river's brink."

"Does the thought of it at Glasgow on a summer day when the tide's out, not bother you, Mr. Sinclair?"

"It teaches me, Donald."

"Sad things?" Donald himself looked sad as he spoke.

"No. Glorious things," said the minister, earnestly.

"How?" The young man's eyes were full of wonder.

"Because I know that, though the river must suffer from contact with the pollution and filth, inseparable from commercial life, yet in its humiliation, it is helping mightily in building up human happiness and prosperity. I know, too, that the river finds no rest in its poisoned places. Back to mother ocean its great aim is, there to regain the purity lost awhile. You see we have few better pictures of human life than a river, Donald."

"My life has not had much of the usefulness of the Clyde in it, so far though, it has

had its muddy places, sometimes."

"In that, true men may differ—must differ, indeed, from the river. We can be strong, and deep, and useful, without suffering ourselves to be soiled by the tear and wear of life. You are young, Donald. Whatever your faults of youth may have been, waste no moments in idle looking backward. Look forward and upward. The river becomes pure when it minglest with the ocean. The spirit of man becomes pure when it gets in touch with its Maker." Donald's heart was touched. He felt that the time had come at last when he could tell his minister everything. But it was not to be. As he was on the point of blurting out the story of his folly, an interruption came in the shape of Mr. Sinclair's fat housekeeper.

"Aaskin' yer pardon, Maister, there's a gentleman in aye o' thae things that's ca'd a motor car—speirin' for Mister Donald, here." "It is not my brother then, Mrs. Johnson?"

"Na, na, I didna speir his name. Ye'll see for yersel's, dootless."

"It will be Archie Monteith, Mr. Sinclair. He has been saying often for the past month or so, that he would soon be coming to see us on his own motor car."

"Was he not jesting, think you, Donald?"

"I believe he was quite serious. The company he is connected with has been doing well, he says." A shade crossed the minister's face. He did not reply. He lagged half a step behind Donald who was striding towards the high road at a rapid rate. Perhaps it was the speed at which they were walking which brought such a flush to Mr. Sinclair's usually pale face.

Donald had been right. When they reached the manse gate, there was Archie Monteith seated in his brand new motor car, looking as happy as if he had never known a care.

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Sinclair," he said gaily, as they shook hands, "if a man wants to know what true happiness is he has only to get a motor car."

"Always remembering, Mr. Monteith, to drive in moderation."

"She's a beauty, Archie," said Donald in high glee, "but how did you learn to manage her so soon?" Archie laughed.

"Oh, it's nothing. Jeanie will be able to drive in a week."

"I hope not," said Mr. Sinclair, hastily.

"And why not, Mr. Sinclair?", inquired Archie in a cool, half-sneering tone of voice. Donald saw Mr. Sinclair's color rise and quickly interposed—

"Father and mother won't allow Jeanie to ride in her at all, Archie; be sure of that."

"I'm pretty sure I am not going to ask their leave, for today, at any rate. I only waited long enough at the house to know where you all were. Jump in, Donald, you and I will go to meet the ladies. You will ride Jeanie's bicycle home and she will taste true happiness with me in the motor." He glanced maliciously at Mr. Sinclair, who had not quite regained composure. Had he been calmer indeed, he might have felt it to be wiser to maintain caution, in dealing with a man like Archie Monteith. Looking steadily at Donald, and quite ignoring his cousin, Mr. Sinclair said:

"Donald, I am sure you will not allow your sister to be persuaded to come back in the motor, today at least, till the car has been longer on trial."

"Is it the car, or its owner you object most to, sir?" Archie almost hissed the question at him and rushed off.

"The owner, most decidedly," mused Mr. Sinclair, as he turned towards Brigend.

Old man Graeme sat in his office, a troubled look on his face, a cheque-book in his hand. James Douglas stood before him, looking distressed and puzzled.

"Do ye no' remember the day Smith o' Birmingham was here, Jamie?"

"I remember weel enough. But I ken naething aboot the cheque."

"The block is here a' richt—Richard Smith o' Birmingham, ten pounds for goods received."

"Is it no' a' richt, Maister?", inquired James.

"It's no' a' richt, Jamie; it's a' wrong. I had a note frae Smith o' Birmingham saying he was sorry he had nae time to call again for the cheque I had promised him in August. I find the block here as I noted it when I wrote the cheque. Then I gaed tae the bank tae inquire there. Ay, Richard Smith of Birmingham had presented a cheque for one hundred pounds—Hae I a forger an' a thief in my employ, Jamie?"

James Douglas went white as a sheet.

"I hope not, maister," he said slowly, and looked pitifully into the old man's face.

"Only you and Donald have the richt to come into this office, Jamie."

"There must be some mistake, sir." James spoke rather from the desire to comfort his master, than from conviction.

"I hear Mr. Sinclair's voice askin' for me, Jamie. Show him in, I need him sorely."

"Would it no' be better tae say naething aboot it till we ask Donald?"

"Show him in. If Donald has done this thing, he's nae son o' mine."

The office door had but closed on Mr. Sinclair, when Archie Monteith's motor car dashed up in front of his uncle's shop. Donald came in with a bound.

"I've had a glorious ride, James," he cried, his face glowing with excitement. James Douglas took him by the arm and drew him aside.

"Donald," he said sternly, "your father's name has been forged to a cheque for one hundred pounds."

(To be continued.)

Why the Clergy Are Dull

"We clergy are a frightfully dull set," remarked Rev. G. A. Hazelhurst (vicar of St. Thomas', Derby) at a meeting of clergy at Mansfield. "At middle age we can never see a joke, and we are as dull as ditchwater. If a railway traveler sees a clergyman in a compartment he will not enter it because he believes the clergy can talk of nothing but religion and church topics. And a clergyman very often cannot talk of much else besides this, for generally he knows nothing about sport or the latest thing at the theatre. But if the clergy are a dull race it is the laymen who are to blame. We are overworked; we have all the burdens of a parish piled upon our shoulders; we have to do work which should be performed by a staff of three or four men, and under such circumstances you cannot expect a clergyman to be bright and to retain his freshness and any sense of humor by the time he is middle-aged. Heavy work and financial worry cause many a clergyman to become hipped, his enthusiasm dies out, and he shuts himself up in his study. He preaches more scholarly sermons than before, but there is not that living interest in them that there used to be."

The Mink Family

The minks are a very fine family. Some of their cousins are called sables, and others ermines, and all have pretty and costly clothes. The mother mink is a beautiful brown creature, with a very long tail, about as large as an English hare, quite slender and graceful.

All the minks and martens wear two fur coats, one above the other. The under one is short and woolly, and sticks close to the

skin, keeping its wearer warm in coldest weather, and dry in deepest water. The outer coat has long, glossy hair, which throws off the rain, as does the thatch of a cottage. When our boys and girls want to bathe in the sea they must take lots of trouble, wear a special bathing dress, and be careful not to take cold.

The little minks and martens and their numerous cousins can spend as much time as they please in the water. Their costly fur dresses can stand all sorts of mud and dirt and water. All they have to do when tired of their bath is to shake themselves and run about in the sunshine.

These happy little people live on fish and have great fun in catching them.—The Sunbeam.

An Old Legend

By Grace Wood Castle.

Stranger tale was never told.

Years ago, some hundreds, surely,

In a village quaint and old,

Wonderful the thing that happened;

It was on a Sunday morning
Dismal, dark with fog and cloud,
When, the service being over
Through the church door came the crowd.

Fathers, mothers, grandfathers, children,
Pausing, stared in dumb amaze;
Doubting, fearing, wondering greatly
At the sight that met their gaze.

Hooked about an old gray tombstone
A ship's anchor tightly clung;
While its hempen cable tautly
From the clouds above them hung.

Then, as every eye looked upward,
Vainly strove to pierce the murk,
Came the sound of muffled shouting
As of sailors at their work.

"Yo heave ho!" The anchor wavered,
But the gravestone held it fast;
A second pull and many others
Failed to move it; then at last

Deftly down the cable sliding
Came a sailor to the ground,
But ere he could loose the anchor
All the people crowded round.

Eager, curious, they seized him;
The poor soul with questions plied;
While he, struggling to escape them,
Answered nothing—gasped and died.

Closed they then his eyelids gently,
Crossed his hands upon his breast,
Watched the cable stretching upward
Whence had come th' unbidden guest.

Soon, by unseen fingers severed
It fell to earth. Faint, fainter grew
The sailors' shouts; gone was the vessel
With its mystic unseen crew.

Those who've traveled to this village
Quaint and old across the sea,
Have been shown the massive hinges,
That upon the church-door be;
Have been told that they were welded
From the cloud-sent anchor stout;
With such evidence before them
Who would dare the legend flout?
Elgin, Ill.

Do you know the way to God so well that you can show it to some one else and send him away rejoicing? Philip did. What else in life is so well worth while as showing a wanderer God's road?



The Guest

My daddy is a 'fessor at a big, big 'cademy,
And he has got a picture-book of stars, called
'stronomy.

But, oh, you ought to hear him talk to me
and brother Jack
'Bout all the funny folks who live up in
the Soddy Ack.

I don't know what the Sodys do
And never saw an Ack, did you?

My daddy has a telescope that pokes up
through the trees.
He let me see the Ram one night, the one
with Golden Fleas,

And pointed out the Fishes in the Pie Seas
of the sky.

I couldn't find the Fishes, so I tried to find
the Pie,

And found it, too, all by myself,
On Aunt Lucinda's pantry shelf!

—Harrold Skinner in Woman's Home Companion for June.

David's Little Friend

BY SUSAN HUBBARD MARTIN.

"David wants to buy some land adjoining his cabin," announced Willard Baxter to his wife.

She looked up.

She was a pretty, slender woman with blue eyes and abundant chestnut hair. She had been very delicate and ailing until she had come to this Colorado ranch, but the pure air and splendid sunlight had worked a miracle. She was almost robust now.

Beatrice, aged eight and the only child, was busy with her kitten near by.

"More land, why does he want that?" answered his wife. "He has more than he needs already."

"Yes, I know, but he is anxious for it, besides ready to pay the money. I think David wants to branch out a little. He has plans of his own, no doubt, and I don't like to refuse." "He seems rather heavy-hearted of late," replied Millicent Baxter thoughtfully.

Willard nodded.

"No one knows that better than I do. I had occasion to get up for some water the other night. Beatrice wanted a drink, you remember? As I passed the window, I saw him wandering about under the trees. It was bright moonlight and I recognized him at once. John, one of the men down at the bunk house and his closest friend, says he often does that. Wanders about over the ranch half the night. The fact is, dear, he has a wife in England and the poor fellow is pining for her."

"Why doesn't she come out?" asked his wife quickly. "David seems to be a fine, steady fellow."

"He is, but there was a quarrel of some kind," replied her husband. "I am really attached to the fellow and I wish he were happier. He is the best workman I have and indispensable on the ranch. He's a genius when it comes to handling tools. I couldn't manage without David, and, Millicent, you'd be surprised to see his cabin. It is a perfect marvel of neatness and order and he has made some really artistic furniture. Some one ought to let his wife know

how much we think of him, it might help."

Little Beatrice looked up.

"I will," she cried.

She was a beautiful child with brown eyes and thick, dark curly hair.

Being alone as she was and away from other children, she had developed more than the ordinary child. She could read and write exceptionally well, and besides that was really a fine little speller.

Willard Baxter and his wife both smiled.

"So David's your friend, is he?" her father asked, stooping to stroke the soft curls.

"Yes," answered the child gravely, "and, father, what do you think he is making?"

"I don't know, Beatrice."

"A bookcase, a beautiful bookcase—there's carving on it, too, and when that is done he told me he was going to make a china closet."

"I asked him," added the child as she stroked her kitten's sleek, little head, "who they were for and, mother, he groaned, really groaned and then he said so sorrowful:

"For Alice, though she may never see them," and then he said to me in such a solemn way:

"Little Beatrice, I keep busy and I make things for the cabin. I try to keep it nice for her. Alice is my wife though she will not come."

"Did you ever do anything to make her angry, David?" I asked.

"And then he sighed."

"Plenty of things but I thought perhaps she might forgive me, little friend."

"Alice, that is her is it?" remarked Willard Baxter. "Well, it is too bad for him. A woman can be very unforgiving at times, but I suppose there's something back of it," and then the subject dropped.

But little Beatrice did not forget.

"John," she asked one day, "do you know where David came from?"

"Sure, the same place as I did in old England."

Little Beatrice caught his hand.

"John," she said earnestly, "I love David."

"Aye," answered John, "So do I, my bit lassie."

"Well," answered the child, "I want to write a letter to his wife."

"You do?"

"Yea, and won't you help me?"

"I'm going to tell her how David has fixed up the cabin and what pretty furniture he's made, and I'm going to tell her too, that he's very unhappy. And John—"

"Yes, lassie."

"Sometimes he gets up and walks in the night. Father saw him."

"Aye, child, I knew it. He can't hide his misery from his old friend."

"Well, John, I'll write the letter and you direct it and don't let us tell anyone about it."

"That we won't," returned John heartily. "And may blessings be upon your head whether anything comes of it or not. You're a true little friend."

In one of England's little villages in Yorkshire, Alice Thomas sat at work. She was a dark-haired, young woman of twenty-eight or so with an erect figure and firm well-shaped hands.

She sat at a window in the cottage kitchen. She wore a blue linen dress and a

white apron. Everything about her was scrupulously neat.

A woman came into the room. Evidently her mother.

"A letter for you," she said—and then she hesitated. "It is from America," she added, "but it isn't in David's writing. Oh, Allie, lass, I wish you and David were at peace."

A proud look swept over the fine face.

"That will do, mother," she replied.

"There, give me the letter."

But she did not open it.

"It was his fault," she cried with bitterness. "Why should he take that boat for America and leave me as he did. He knew I did not mean half I said. But he can bide his time now. I'll not go to him, nor—will I write."

"Oh, Allie, and you're a Christian."

"We won't speak of that, mother."

"Well, then, I'll say no more but open your letter, lass."

Alice Thomas took it up again and opened it. She stared somewhat at the round childish letters.

"Dear Mrs. Thomas," it began:

"I thought perhaps you might like to hear about your husband. He works on our ranch and is my best friend. He has made me a sled, a house for my dog, and a beautiful little desk. But that is not what I wanted to tell you about. He has a cabin of his own. He doesn't like to live as the other men do and he has fixed it up so nice and he has just finished such a pretty bookcase. He says he is pretending you are going to come, though he knows you never will, but you will, won't you?"

David is so good. Not a bit like the rest of the men and papa says he is very unhappy. He saw him the other night walking about when everyone else was in bed. We all love David and we do wish you would come out and make him comfortable. He works for my papa and we live on the Green Mountain ranch out in Colorado. We go four miles to get our mail and the name of the place is Pine. I do hope you will come.

I have been a long time writing this letter, but John said he would direct it for me. John is David's friend.

I will close now and will sign myself as papa does,

Yours sincerely,

Beatrice Grace Baxter."

Alice Thomas' face flushed. Her fine lips quivered. She laid the letter down, then took it up again.

"Bad news?" asked her mother anxiously.

Without speaking, Alice laid the letter in her mother's hands.

Out in Colorado the frost came nights, but in the sun it was still warm. A purple haze veiled the mountains and a stillness born of the waning year was in the air. In the canyons, the leaves gleamed scarlet and yellow.

David, outside the cabin door, saw Beatrice coming.

"I've brought you some spice cake, David," she said, "and have you begun on the china cabinet yet? Mother says I may give you a plate for it."

David looked at her with sad eyes.

"It doesn't seem to grow very fast, Beatty," he said.

Continued on page 17.)

The Daily Altar

An Aid to Private Devotion and Family Worship

SUNDAY, JUNE 19.

Theme for the Day.—The Nations and the Bible.

Scripture.—And he will lift up an ensign to the nations from far.—Isa. 5:26.

I am sanctified in them in the sight of many nations.—Ezek. 39:27.

Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below.
The canticles of love and woe.

—Emerson ("The Problem.")

Prayer.—Our Father, we thank Thee for Thy hold Word, which has come to us laden with the hopes, the sufferings and the triumphs of Thy people through many generations. It has opened to us the secret of the divine life as revealed in Christ, and it has made clear to us the long and painful preparation for his coming. On this day of worship we meet Thy people in the sanctuary to join in Thy worship and to listen to the message of the gospel. And may the Word be preached with power whenever the name of Christ is honored. We ask for his sake. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 20.

Theme for the Day.—America's Call to the Oppressed.

Scripture.—Behold, I have given him for a witness to the peoples, a leader and commander to the peoples. Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not; and a nation that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of Jehovah thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel.—Isa. 55:3, 5.

There's freedom at thy gates and rest
For Earth's down-trodden and opprest,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

—Bryant ("America.")

Prayer.—O God of our land, we praise Thee for the history through which Thou hast brought us. On the foundations laid by our fathers under Thy providence there has been builded a nation which opens its doors to the oppressed of all the earth. Help us our Father, so to understand the problem presented by the thousands who come to us from beyond the sea, that we shall appreciate the hope with which they come, and shall try to interpret to them both our national ideals and our Christian faith. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 21.

Theme for the Day.—The Higher Wisdom.

Scripture.—Seeing that the Jews ask for signs, and Greeks seek after wisdom; but we preach Christ crucified, unto Jews a stumbling block, and unto Gentiles foolishness; but unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.—I. Cor. 1:23-24.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?
—Emerson ("Good-bye, Proud World.")

—Prayer.—Father of grace, Thou God of wisdom and of might, we are very weak and ignorant, and we lean on Thy sustaining love for our welfare. We thank Thee for such knowledge as we can secure from study. Thou hast given us many opportunities of self-enrichment in the institutions of learning which abound in our land. But help us not to be satisfied with these aids alone, but to seek the true wisdom which comes down from above, and which Thou freely givest to those who ask, in Jesus' name. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22.

Theme for the Day.—The Breath of God.

Scripture.—Thou didst blow with thy wind.

—Ex. 15:10.

Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden.—Song of Solomon 4:16.

But Jehovah sent out a great wind upon the sea.—Jonah 1:4.

Winnow me through with thy keen, clean breath,

Wind with the tang of the sea.

Speed through the closing gates of the day,

Find me and fold me, have thy way

And take thy will of me.

Use my soul as you used the sky,

Gray sky of this sullen day.

Clear its doubt, as you sped the wrack

Of the storm-cloud, bringing the splendor

back,

Giving it gold for gray.

Prayer.—Our Father, in our consciousness of imperfection and sin, we yearn for Thy cleansing breath to purge us from all evils of flesh and spirit. Thou knowest how little we attain to the ideals set before us in the life of Jesus, or even in our own best hours. Winnow the chaff out of our lives, we beseech Thee, and give us the joy of the clean heart and the pure mind. For we ask in Jesus' name. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23.

Theme for the Day.—The Witness in the Sky.

Scripture.—My loving kindness will I keep for him forevermore. . . . It shall be established forever as the moon, and as the faithful witness in the sky.—Psa. 89:28-37.

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes.

The moon and its broken reflections
And its shadow shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.
—Longfellow ("The Bridge.")

Prayer.—Our God and Father, Thou hast made the heavens and the earth for Thy glory, and in all their changes Thy glory is made known. We praise Thee for the beauty of the day and the quiet and mystery of the night. May the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained be constant witnesses to us of Thy providence, and may they behold nothing in our lives save what Thou canst approve. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 24.

Theme for the Day.—The Green of Summer.

Scripture.—The fig tree ripeneth her green figs, and the vines are in blossom. They give forth their fragrance.—Song of Solomon 2:13.

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a rippy cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
Tis enough for us to know that the leaves are green.

—Lowell ("The Vision of Sir Launfal.")

Prayer.—Father of mercies, we adore Thee that Thou hast given us so marvelous a world in which to live, with its changing seasons and its never-ending sources of satisfaction. We grow ashamed when we stop to think of our own selfish negligence of Thy goodness, and our failure to enjoy the loneliness Thou hast spread about us. Help us this day to really open our hearts to the good that Thou art sending us, and to receive in thankfulness the gifts of nature at Thy hands. Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25.

Theme for the Day.—The Sin of Foolishness.

Scripture.—It is an honor for a man to keep aloof from strife; but every fool will be quarreling.—Prov. 20:3.

The words of a wise man's mouth are gracious; but the lips of a fool will swallow up himself.—Eccl. 10:12.

Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

—Edward Rowland Sill ("The Fool's Prayer.")

Prayer.—Gracious God, we confess before Thee our sins and our follies. Sinful we are, and still more foolish. We miss daily a thousand blessings of Thy sending, because we will not see or understand. We make daily a thousand mistakes that do harm we cannot calculate. Help us to learn wisdom from Thee, dear Father, and so to order our lives that we may bring our days and weeks to happier issue. For Christ's sake. Amen.

Friends Tried and True

The little dog drooped what tail he had,
The broken doll fainted away,
And poor Teddy Bear was filled with despair
When the new doll came to stay.
"Oh, have you forgotten old friends?" they cried,

But the little girl didn't hear,
As she cuddled with joy her new-found toy,
And sang in its waxen ear.

But the days flew by, and she missed her friends,
Though she cherished the new love, too,
But the waxen girl with the flaxen curl
Played none of the games they knew.
So she hunted around till she found them all,
And they snuggled up close to her breast,
And never a word of reproach was heard
As she whispered, "Old friends are best."
John Rutland, in Leslie's Weekly.



Sunday School Lesson

By Professor Willett

THE TWO CROPS.*

The teachings of Jesus, like those of the prophets of old, were sometimes intended to explain the problems of common experience, as well as to set forth the facts of the kingdom of God. It was necessary at times during the history of ancient Israel to throw some light upon a difficult question by means of a parable, a vision, or a striking figure of speech. When the returned exiles were mourning because they were unable to build walls about Jerusalem, Zachariah attempted to cheer them with the vision of a city protected of God and therefore not needing walls, and so large that no walls could enclose it. When the people were troubled over the fact that all those who made up the population of the slowly growing city were of middle age, such as had been able to make the long journey from Babylon, another vision was set forth by the prophet in which the streets were pictured as full, both of old people and of boys and girls. In this way the prophets sought to reassure the troubled souls of their time by such figurative presentations of God's purpose as seemed to make the present problem more easy of comprehension.

Purpose of the Story.

Even so Jesus sought to relieve the minds of his people when the difficulties of the mixed state of human life became hard for them to comprehend. They saw that those who followed after the Lord were still but few in numbers, and even these few were compound of mingled good and evil qualities. They could not always be depended upon to choose the right and avoid the wrong. How was this unhappy and perplexing state of affairs to be explained? How in a moral universe could God permit evil men to continue prosperous and powerful, and why should bad qualities be allowed to have partnership with good in the lives of so many whom they knew? It was this problem on which Jesus wished to throw light when he told the disciples and the multitudes the parable of the tares.

The character of farming in the East was very different from that which prevails with us. The fields are small and are not divided from each other by fences or hedges such as mark the limits of our own fields. The land which is capable of cultivation is divided into strips or parcels of ground by means of small stone piles here and there, and by nothing more. Fencing material is too valuable in that land, save where the stones are sufficiently abundant, and even then most eastern farmers are too careless to take the trouble to make boundary barriers. If then one of these farmers had an enemy who was intent upon doing him injury it would be very easy to scatter seed of some inferior or noxious sort upon the small acreage of the man he hated. Of course, with the large farms of our American sort such an action

would involve far too much labor to make it worth while; but the little patches of ground cultivated by the farmers of Palestine could easily be spoiled by such acts of vandalism. That incidents of the kind were not unknown would seem to be the clear suggestion of the story, for Jesus usually chose familiar incidents to point his lessons.

The Hidden Meaning.

Neither the multitude nor the disciples understood what he meant when he told the story. Probably the people found in it merely the suggestion that grain and nettles were likely to grow together in any plot of ground, and that a man must be thankful who was able to secure any reasonable percentage of good wheat or barley from his land. But the disciples were not satisfied with this explanation. They had learned that Jesus' stories had always a deeper meaning than at first appeared. Moreover he had explicitly told them that he had a special reason for giving his teachings in this story form, and that while he did not wish the scribes to know the meaning of his words, he was more than anxious to have his disciples comprehend every item of the narrative. And so he gave them the interpretation.

It would seem at first glance as if Jesus in this explanation violated his general principle of adhering to one single impressive truth in each parable. Our study of these stories has convinced us that Jesus had always one thing to say in each parable and no more, and that to look for hidden meanings in the details of the story is to miss the central fact. Here it would seem at first as if Jesus explicitly gave values to each one of many items. He defines the sower, the field, the good and bad seed, the enemy, the harvest and the reapers. Yet he has not really departed from his custom of making explicit the one leading idea. In so doing he accepts without reserve the familiar language of Jewish apocalyptic and symbol. There is the usual distinction between the children of good and the children of evil. There is the figure of the devil, the antagonist of God and of all good purposes. There is the usual idea of the judgment to come and of the angels who are to execute the divine will. In the use of these familiar and habitual elements of Jewish belief Jesus employs that great law of accommodation, without necessarily committing himself to any of the external items of the picture.

The Mingling of Good and Evil.

The thing which he wishes to make clear to the disciples is his recognition of the fact that good men and bad men are apparently so closely related in the social order of the world that it is impossible to separate them without destroying the entire fabric. What is the explanation of this perplexing fact? Christian people have been puzzled over it through all the centuries. More than this, they have tried to remedy it by one or another supreme experiment. They have attempted the plan of isolating all the good in religious institutions, leaving the evil to perish in their sins. That was the spirit of monasticism. They have tried the plan of holy orders, in which the good were supposed to be set apart in a class by them-

selves, distinguished by dress, manners or title from the common and sinful herd. That was Phariseism. They have attempted to organize little bodies of the strictly orthodox in denominations and churches, so exclusive as to limit the grace of God and the forgiving power of the gospel to these small and contented companies of the saved. That is arrogance and spiritual pride.

As over against all this Jesus sets his teaching in this parable. In the nature of the case the good cannot be separated in any such drastic way. In the grain field such a process would destroy the entire crop. In human society it would deprive the unsocial and selfish portion of humanity, here called the tares, from all the redemptive and uplifting tendencies of the men and women who have the right to be known as the wheat. It is clear that no figure of speech such as our Saviour here employs can describe all the facts. It is only the central truth that can be made clear, namely, that to the end of the day there will be complex conditions in the world and that good and bad will be found associated in every enterprise.

Daily Influences.

But there are two features to this truth which are implicit in the workings of the kingdom, to which the parable can make no reference. The first is the vital nature of human relations in the interaction of different characters upon each other. The wheat and the tares do not affect each other save as they struggle for the soil which both require. But the evil men and women are active and potent influences in opposition to the ideals of the kingdom of God, and are never inert or unconcerned. For this reason those who are the children of the kingdom have always to keep themselves in the attitude of awareness and effort. Things will not remain in poise. No putting off until some future day is possible, for every day may be one of crisis, every day is a day of judgment. What the final verdict will be will depend upon the accumulated results of daily struggle in behalf of the right.

The Struggle of Good and Evil.

The second fact which the parable does not discuss, but clearly suggests, is that none of the wheat is wholly good and none of the tares are wholly bad. The conflict of tendencies in human nature is one of the subtle and perplexing facts which often baffles any attempt to classify men and women in a satisfactory way. We speak of good people and bad people, as if it were perfectly clear to which company any particular individual belongs. Yet there is no moment short of the last when it is possible to pronounce a finished verdict on a human life. In the best of men there are qualities of evil that require constant vigilance to repress and conquer. In the worst of men there are promptings toward good and yearnings after the right that if taken at an opportune time may be nourished into effective and transforming forces. It is this ever mobile and uncertain quality in human life which makes the fascination and the discouragement of all redemptive effort. The failures of the good would crush us to earth were it not that the redemption of the evil is a constant proof of the grace of God and the salvability of human nature. And so in every life in proportion as it is willing to receive the truth and pay the price of the achievement of character, the gospel proves itself afresh to be the power of God unto salvation.

*International Sunday-school lesson for June 26, 1910. The Parable of the Tares. Matt. 13:24-30, 36-43. Golden Text: "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." Matt. 13:43. Memory verses, 23, 24.

Christian Endeavor Lesson

By W. D. Endres

Money, Men and Prayers—The Three Great Missionary Needs. June 26. II. Cor. 8:1-9; Matt. 9:35-38.

Given sufficient money, enough men, and ceaseless prayers the evangelization of the world in this generation would be an accomplished fact. None of us doubt that there is money enough, nor believe that there is a lack of men, but is there a sufficiency of prayer? Not the mere mouthing of stock phrases in petition nor the agonizing in the closet at stated periods after which we go thoughtless and unconcerned about our selfish pursuits and interests. That is perfectly useless, yes, mockery. If all Christendom were to engage in such performances every day for a century it would profit nothing. But by prayer we mean that intense longing of our hearts for lost souls which will not only send us on our knees to the closet where we will pour out our longings to God in petition that they may be saved, but will send us away from home into these dark lands to tell the message as it did Livingston, Carey and Morrison. These men prayed a true prayer unto Jehovah. God heard their prayer and answered it because their longing to save the lost was the ambition of their whole souls as their lives of service indicated. No prayer is a prayer until we have exhausted all of the power we possess to realize the object for which we pray. Men and money—all things wait and depend on this kind of prayer. Yes, and when we get this kind of prayer, men and money, all things will come. The kingdoms of this world will become the kingdom of our Lord.

The progress of missions in this century

prove the truth of this statement. When in the opening of the last century these men who petitioned the throne began to carry their petitions into action, the doors of heathen nations, all of which were closed, began to open. Now the gospel can be preached anywhere if we can find men who will go and take it. Late in the century came the Student Volunteer Movement, when students in the colleges and universities ceased mouthing their petitions, but after pouring out their souls in petition they said: "Lord, here am I, send me." There are enough to go, but lo, there are not funds with which to equip them, to feed and clothe them while they tell the story of salvation to the lost and dying.

Give us such prayers—prayers of the heart rather than of the lips—from our Christian Endeavorers, yes among all Christians, young and old, and they would be giving of their boundless wealth more than enough to save all the lost. J. Campbell White has told us that six cents per week—a street car fare and a stick of chewing gum—from each Christian would accomplish the evangelization of the world in this generation. That seems so small that we smile at it. But how many give that much from our weekly salary? Do I? Do you? Did you ever stand up in the Endeavor prayer meeting and pray for missions? Do you think that God heard your prayer when you were not willing to take six cents out of six days work—a penny a day and this too when money is the one thing lacking? Let us pray a true prayer and the world will be converted, for we cannot pray a true prayer without doing our best to bring it about.

Mary Ann Hubble
I once knew a woman named Mary Ann Hubble,
And this woman always was looking for trouble.
She was looking all day from the time she got up
To the candlelight hour when she sat down to sup.
She would look all around her, and search high and low—
Just looking for trouble where'er she would go.
And you may be sure that this Mary Ann Hubble
Had more than her share of what people call trouble.

—St. Nicholas.

David's Little Friend

(Continued from page 14.)

Beatrice did not answer for a moment.
Then she looked up.

"Let's pretend she's coming," persisted the child.

"When you pretend and pretend, sometimes things come true."

David dropped upon the doorstep.
"If she only would," he cried.

As he spoke, a wagon came slowly up the road.

He looked at it.
"Arundel's team," he said. "I wonder what he's coming here for?"

The wagon came nearer—stopped.

A young woman alighted.
A young woman with clear, true eyes, erect shoulders and a quick, firm step. David stood transfigured.

Nearer came the young woman treading lightly over the buffalo grass.

"David," said a clear, soft voice.
And the next moment it seemed as if Heaven had opened for poor, lonely David. His arms went tight about her. Big sobs shook his frame.

"I didn't mean it, lass," he cried. "I'm sorry, sorry."

Soft lips found his own. "Neither did I, Davy," whispered his Alice, but I wouldn't give in until—a letter came, a child's letter, and when I read it, the ice in my heart swelled into a warm and sudden flood. All the old bitterness vanished. She told me about the bookcase and all that you were doing for me. The sleepless nights—and when I read it—I couldn't stay away."

"A child's letter?" faltered David.
Little Beatrice came forward. "It was me, David," said a sweet, little voice. "You don't care, do you?"

"Care?"
David lifted her high in his arms, hugging her close. "You've brought me back the light of life, little friend."

Dandelion

A Story for the Nursery

BY FAY STUART.

Ruth's birthday present from Grandma Moore was a pretty kitten. It was ever so plump and frisky; papa said it looked like a lively yellow ball of fur.

Mamma thought that Marigold would be a good name for kitty, but when Royal said, "Let's call him Dandelion," Ruth clapped her hands in delight.

"That is a lovely name," she said, "for he looks just like a fluffy dandelion blossom. I'll call him Dandy, for short."

The kittens eyes were bright blue and grandma said they would never turn yellow like common cats' eyes. His tail was very short like a rabbit and Ruth knew it would never grow long, for his mother was a Manx cat with a bob tail.

Ruth tied a blue ribbon belonging to her doll around Dandelion's neck. She gave him a rubber ball to play with and had great frolics all about the play-room. When he wanted to play he would hunt all around until he found the ball and roll it coaxingly toward Ruth until she threw it for him.

Royal tied a piece of paper on a string and hung it from the door-knob. Dandelion would sit up like a little rabbit and strike at the paper with his great double paw.

When he got sleepy, he would creep away and roll up in a soft, cosy, purring ball upon Ruth's doll-bed. But at night mamma insisted that he must sleep in his warm nest of hay in the shed.

Out of doors, Dandelion followed Ruth about like a little dog. He was very gentle and would let her wrap him in a blanket

and carry him, just like any baby, over to see grandma. Indeed, he sometimes wore a little bonnet with ribbons tied under his chin, which made him look very funny. Ruth tried to give him a ride in her doll's carriage, but Dandelion did not like that at all and kept jumping out.

One day, Royal was building a tall castle of blocks. He was just placing the last block at the very top, when Dandelion came galloping in rolling the rubber ball. Before Royal could stop him, he ran against the tall building and it fell with a crash.

"You hateful thing!" he cried, bursting into tears. "You've spoiled all my work," and catching up a block he threw it angrily at poor Dandelion.

"You shall not hurt my kitten!" cried Ruth, as she took Dandelion up and held him safely in her arms.

"He tumbled my blocks down; I will hit him!" replied Royal, stamping his foot and throwing another block.

Then he stopped crying and stood still in dismay. Instead of hitting Dandelion, he had knocked down the green vase filled with roses. It lay upon the floor in bits of broken glass.

Ruth ran to get a cloth to wipe the water from the carpet.

"Oh, my pretty vase!" cried mamma. "Tell me just how it happened, children."

When she had listened to the story, mamma said in a sad voice, "I am very sorry that my little boy should get so angry. Dandelion is only a kitten; he did not mean to

do any harm. The castle might be builded again as good as new by this time if you had only laughed at the accident and gone to work. Now I want you to sit very still in this chair, Royal, and think it all over."

Pretty soon, Royal slipped down and went to the room where mamma was sewing.

"Please, mamma, I want to whisper," he said. "I'm sorry I got mad, an' I'll never try to hurt Dandy again, and when I have pennies enough, I'll buy you another vase."

Mamma kissed him and the children were soon playing happily again. They rolled the rug into a long tunnel and coaxed Dandelion to chase the ball through. Then they built a block bridge with an arch and Dandelion ran through that. Once he knocked it over, but this time the children both laughed.

"Mamma says to never mind," said Royal, "cause we can build a better one next time. Something horrid always happens when I get mad and I'm not going to any more."

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Church Life

The Educational number of the Christian Century will be issued next week.

News of the colleges, will be given a prominent place in the Educational number next week.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Willett will leave next week for a two weeks' trip in the West. Dr. Willett has continuous lecture engagements for the trip.

It would be of interest to the readers of The Christian Century if the preachers who have their vacations planned would send a card for publication telling their friends of their plans.

The Bethany Graded Lessons for the Autumn quarter should be ordered early for there is likely to be an unusual demand for them. This system has been in operation for just one year, and where it has been adopted the schools would not think of returning to the ungraded lessons.

The article on Edinburg, the place of the meeting of the World's Missionary Conference, which will be attended by a number of the pastors and editors of the Disciples, will be read with interest, and will quicken the interest with which we may look forward to the complete report of the meeting, to be made in these columns by Charles Clayton Morrison, Editor of The Christian Century who is now at the conference.

• • •

The building of the church at Dixon, Ill., recently has been completely overhauled, and was rededicated Sunday, June 12.

A. R. Harper, formerly pastor of the Baptist church at Mt. Pleasant, has become pastor of the Disciples of the same city.

J. W. Borden, who completes his work in Hiram College this month becomes pastor of the church at Waldron, Mich.

A new pipe organ has been installed in the church at Amarillo, Texas., where W. P. Jennings is pastor, at a cost of \$3,150.

J. R. Perkins, formerly of the West Side Church, San Francisco, preached at Modesto, California, June 5th.

Oliver W. Stewart, of Chicago, addressed the Men's Club of the First Church, Champaign, Ill., at a recent meeting.

The First Church, Warren, Ohio, observed Children's Day Sunday, June 12. J. M. Van Horn is acting pastor of this church.

George Darsie, pastor of the church at Akron, Ohio, is president of the State Convention for the coming year. The meeting will be in Portsmouth.

Charles E. McVay, of Hardy, Neb., will sing for Evangelist Lew D. Hill of Queen City, Mo., in a meeting in July, and at Truscott, Texas, in a camp meeting in August.

C. A. MacDonald and wife have just completed a seven months' Sunday-school campaign in Missouri. They should be kept busy at such work.

H. H. Harmon, pastor of the First Church, Lincoln, Neb., who is now abroad, has been elected platform manager for the Chautauqua at Auburn, Neb., August 5 to 14. Mr. Harmon expects to be home by June 29.

I. H. Teel, pastor of the church at Ukiah, Cal., is assisting W. A. McCousland in a meeting at Christian Colony, Cal. W. P. Bentley of Berkeley will supply at Ukiah during Mr. Teel's absence.

J. J. White, who recently resigned his work as religious director of the San Francisco Y. M. C. A., is supplying the pulpit of the West Side Church during the month of June. He is available for the pastorate.

J. J. Haley, who has been supplying the pulpit of the church at Modesto, California, has been called to the pastorate of the Lodi Church and will begin work there the first of July.

I. C. Smith has been called from Miller, So. Dak., to Sioux Falls, which is felt to be a strategic field. The work opens very hopefully. Good audiences are hearing the new pastor.

W. S. Goode, who has been pastor of the Central Church, Youngstown, Ohio, for ten years has accepted a call to the Lakewood Church, Cleveland, and will begin work there the first of September.

The Brotherhood of the First Church, Galesburg, Ill., recently entertained the Brotherhood of the Knoxville church. The program of the evening consisted of music and addresses, preceded by a fine spread, of course.

been very highly commended by some first-class authorities.

B. B. Tyler, South Broadway Church, Denver, says: "All goes well with us in Denver. 'Our People' are doing better in this 'Queen City of the Plains' than for a number of years. The Central Church observed Children's Day June 5. The missionary offering of the Sunday-school was \$110."

Harvey H. Harmon, pastor of the First Church, Lincoln, Neb., while on his trip abroad this summer is writing a note each day for publication in the parish paper of the church at Lincoln. In this way the church will enjoy with him the delightful trip.

The large choir of the Central Church, Des Moines, Iowa, as a fitting close of their faithful work of the year gave a fine musical program Sunday evening, May 31. Next year the choir will be under the direction of Prof. Morrison, and it is expected that it will number as many as seventy-five voices.

M. M. Nelson, of Monte Vista, Colorado, delivered the baccalaureate sermon before the graduates of the high school, and also delivered an address to the old soldiers on Memorial Day. The National Soldiers' and Sailors' Home is located here. Four added by confession and baptism recently.

The Fifth (Illinois) District Missionary Convention was held at Petersburg June 14 to. The C. W. B. M. sessions were held Tuesday afternoon and evening. The evening address of the state program was made by C. G. Kindred, pastor of the Englewood Church, Chicago.

The River Street Church of Christ, Troy, N. Y., was on June 5 surprised by the resignation of its pastor, Cecil J. Armstrong, to take effect December 31 next. During the four years that he has been with that church the work has prospered. His plans for the future are altogether unformed.

The men's clubs of the four churches of the Disciples in Danville, Ill., on a recent evening held a meeting in Lincoln Park of that city. A banquet was served at 7:30 and followed by addresses by P. C. Macfarlane and Arthur Holmes. The occasion was greatly enjoyed by a large number of men.

During June, W. F. Rothenburger, of the Franklin Circle Church, Cleveland, is preaching the following series of sermons: "The Sin of Incompleteness;" "The Value of Right Friendships;" "The Christian Dignity of Labor." The last Sunday evening in the month will be given over to a program of sacred music.

Many Summer Conferences for Christian Workers are being announced. Lake Geneva is alluring Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. workers from all parts of the United States. Winona Bible Conference, beginning August 19th, has a rare program again. Northfield and Old Chautauqua are inviting. Some of the greatest movements of the present generation were born in the Summer Conferences.

The members of the Memorial Church, Chicago, on June 9, took advantage of the invitation of E. M. Barton to come to his home at Hinsdale, for a picnic. Mr. Barton owns twelve hundred acres of land at Hinsdale, and has on it a very fine herd of the famous Swiss Jersey cattle, with a model dairy. It was a matter of great interest to many members of the party to see the operation of this large model farm.

A. R. Adams, pastor of the Forest Avenue Christian Church, Muskegon, reports the result of eleven months' work in the city as follows: Sermons, 84; special addresses, 27; new members added to the church, 48; pastoral calls, 1,216. Mr. Adams has been recalled for another year with an increase



Dr. Errett Gates, Associate Professor in Church History in the University of Chicago, Now Spending a Year in Study Abroad.

T. A. Lindenmeyer, minister for the church at Frankton, Ind., delivered the baccalaureate sermon for the graduating class of the Frankton high schools and the Memorial sermon in honor of the old soldiers on Memorial Sunday.

A. J. Saunderson recently left Chicago, has located with the church at Fremantle, West Australia. He says the prospects are good "for much hard organizing work." Mr. Saunderson's address is 279 High street, Fremantle, West Australia.

The Annual Dinner and Meeting of the Chicago Christian Business Men's Association was held Thursday evening, June 9th at the Boston Oyster House. Prof. W. D. McClintock, of the University of Chicago, made the principle address on "Missions in China and the Philippines."

Prof. O. B. Clark of Drake University recently delivered an address at the annual program of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association at Iowa City. The address has

of salary of \$100. The state board as well as the church are well pleased with the work done in Muskegon.

Harvey Hazel, of Los Angeles, closed a three weeks' meeting at Beaumont, Cal., May 31st, resulting in the organization of a church of 43 members and a Sunday School of 50. Mr. Hazel was sent to establish the cause in that beautiful mountain town by the Boyle Heights Church of Los Angeles, of which he is the pastor. The Boyle Heights Church is one of the most progressive churches on the Pacific Coast.

A Federation of Men's Clubs of the churches of Lawrence, Kans., has just been formed. A banquet was held at the Y. M. C. A. at which C. L. Milton, pastor of the Christian Church, and president of the Ministers' Alliance, was toastmaster. The chief address was by Hon. H. M. Beardsley, ex-mayor of Kansas City. He was followed by Dr. Powell of the Presbyterian church. The aim of the federation is to make Lawrence a better place in which to live.

Martha Stout Trimble has just closed a meeting of several weeks at Whiting, Ind. There were fifty-five additions to the local congregation, forty of these by baptism. This practically doubled the membership of the church and the members are encouraged. Mrs. Trimble is now at work in a meeting with the church at Indiana Harbor, where in two weeks there were twenty-five accessions. The meeting continues.

The death of Mrs. Elizabeth Volney, of East Liverpool, Ohio, was cause of sadness to the church and many friends there. Mrs. Volney was born in 1839, and died May 10, 1910. In her girlhood she became a member of the church in Fredericktown, Ohio. She was a charter member of the East Liverpool church, where she remained in faithful service to the hour of her death. The pastor, E. P. Wise, speaks appreciatively of the influence of her life in the church.

The New First Church at Urbana, Ill., was dedicated June 5th. The services began the preceding Friday evening, when the sermon was preached by Robert Harris of Veedersburg, Indiana, who was formerly pastor of this church. Saturday evening there was another meeting with a sermon by J. F. Burnett, of Dayton, O., who also preached the dedication sermon on Sunday. In the Sunday service pastors of other local churches took parts.

E. B. Barnes, for two years pastor of the Lyons Street Church, Grand Rapids, Mich., has resigned to accept a call to the church at Richmond, Ky., where he goes at a decided increase in salary. Mr. Barnes has added 150 members to the Grand Rapids church in his stay there, and has led the congregation to the place where they are ready to enter upon the task of erecting a new building, which they will do in the near future.

Since February 1, J. Frank Green, associate secretary of the Michigan Christian Missionary Society, has been supplying the pulpit of the new church at Cadillac, Mich. The work here is well organized, and the attendance at all meetings is steadily increasing. Offerings have more than trebled. Harold E. Knott, of Drake University will begin work as pastor of this new church June 19. During the four months that Mr. Green has been with this church he has visited sixteen other churches in the interest of Michigan missions.

Ernest C. Mobley writes of the victory that has been won by the civic righteousness forces in Gainesville Texas. When Mr. Mobley and other ministers took up the fight a year ago there was little disposition on the part of the citizens to take seriously to their work. Much educational work had been

done for years, which served as a basis for the work. The campaign was pushed fearlessly and with vigor. Every legitimate means was used for the right. Every illegitimate means was used by the opposing forces. But a majority was won by the good citizens and Gainesville goes dry.

Richard W. Gentry, who received his B. D. degree from the University of Chicago one year ago, and who has since been studying for the Ph. D. degree, has been honored with a fellowship by the university for another year, and will complete his work as speedily as possible. Mr. Gentry regrets that the conditions of the fellowship make it necessary for him to give up the pleasant work in which he has been engaged as associate pastor of the Hyde Park Church of the Disciples. This is necessary that he may do the exacting work of the last year's study for the doctor's degree.

Dr. B. B. Tyler is delivering a series of four addresses of Sunday evenings in the South Broadway Church, Denver. The addresses are: "The Familiar Christian Science Formula, 'Sin, Sickness and Death,'" "How to Understand the Bible Without the Use of the Christian Science Textbook;" Christian Science and the Christianity of Christ." Dr. Tyler is not making a fight upon Christian Science—he is to wise for that—but is making a fair and candid criticism of the movement. Many Christian Science people are among the immense audiences that are hearing him on these subjects.



Nelson Trimble, New Pastor at Gary, Ind.

Nelson H. Trimble who recently gave up the work with the Metropolitan Church Chicago, has been selected by the American Christian Missionary Society to open the work at Gary, Ind. Gary is the "magic city," where within three years a city of 20,000 people has been built upon the sands of the shore of Lake Michigan. The city has every prospect of soon reaching twice the number. Business houses and residences now built in this wonder city are of the most substantial character, and the whole city is planned on the most approved lines. Mr. Trimble is already at work on the field and reports fine prospects for growth. All who know personally of Mr. Trimble's work in the past have no fear as to the success of the work at Gary under his direction.

At the annual meeting of the Christian Church, Bellefontaine, O., the following report was heard from the pastor, C. C. Wilson, of his seven and one-half months' ministry with the church: Additions to the church, 59—21 by letter and 38 by confession; 34 came under the preaching of Evangelist Lockhart and 25 under the ministry

of Allen Wilson. Number lost to the church by letter, 11; by death, 3; total net increase in membership, 45. The congregation endorsed the recommendation of the official board to extend a call to the pastor for the ensuing year.

There have been 557 additions in the meeting held by Scoville and company at Spokane, Wash. A new church has been started at Hillyard, a suburb, where are located the railroad shops, and W. S. Lemon becomes pastor of the new flock. There were forty charter members. The campaign of the city continues, now on the North Side.

Breeden and Lint have just closed a meeting with the church at Carthage, Mo., where the church is occupying a new \$44,000.00 building, and one of the finest in the Southwest. All indebtedness of the church is provided for. There were 143 additions to the church in the meeting which lasted twenty-three days. "The meeting was ideal, and the future is bright" says the pastor, D. W. Moore

J. E. Pickett entered upon his tenth year of service with the Highlands Church, Denver, June first. A anniversary service was held Sunday morning, June fifth, when Mr. Pickett reviewed the work of the nine years. In the evening the service was in the nature of a platform meeting, when many members of the church spoke of the work of these years. In the time of Mr. Pickett's service with this church it has steadily grown in every department, and is now one of the strongest churches of that part of the city, and faces a future with perfect confidence and hope, for they have builded wisely and permanently.

P. H. Duncan, Latonia, Ky., has just concluded a few days meeting at Glencoe, Ky., in which there were seventeen accessions to the church. Of these fourteen were by immersion.

A plan for securing attenrance at the meetings of the Sunday-school of the Christian Church in Higginsville, Mo., recently perpetrated upon the inhabitants of the city, was at a set time to hang a "tag" with the words, "we tag you to come to the Bible-school, etc., upon the knob of every door in the city. Henry W. Hunter, pastor of the church is making a great reputation for advertising his work. The people of Higginsville will know that he is there and at work.

The new pipe organ of the church at Iowa City, Iowa, was dedicated Sunday morning, June fifth. The sermon was preached by Rev. T. J. Dow, of Minneapolis, Minn., formerly pastor of the church. The organ was presented to the church by the W. M. B. Society of the church. This society had previously given the church: "The Kalsomine," "electric fixtures throughout the building," and "Choir Paneling." Last September the church set out to free itself from debt. They have during the year, with some assistance from friends, spent \$2,800.00 for reparis, and paid \$2,000.00 of indebtedness, besides keeping up all expenses. The church is entirely out of debt. This is a fine record under the leadership of C. C. Rowlison.

A new church has been organized at Englewood, a suburb of Denver, under the inspiring leadership of T. T. Thompson, pastor of the church at Elyria. A recognition service was held the first Sunday in June, when the Englewood congregation was formerly welcomed into the fellowship of the Denver sisterhood of churches. T. T. Thompson presided at the meeting. J. B. Haston of the East Side Church, gave an address on the "Day of Beginnings"; George B. Van Arsdall of the Central Church, gave an address on the "Duty of the Strong to the Weak"; J. A. Shoptaugh spoke on "Inter-Congregational Fellowship," and J. E. Pickett of the Highlands Church, spoke on the subject, "The Tie that Binds."

The annual meeting of the church at Liberty, Mo., was held the first Friday evening in June. After a half hour of song and praise Judge Sandusky was elected chairman of the meeting. The following budget was adopted for the year which begins July 1: Pastor's salary, \$2,000; fuel, \$125; lights, \$75; janitor, \$225; delegate to national convention, \$50; insurance, \$100; organist, \$100; incidentals, \$200; total, \$2,875. Also the following missionary budget: Foreign missions, \$550; American missions, \$350. A beautiful picture of Dr. Paul Wakefield, the living link missionary of the church, was presented and a committee appointed to have it framed and placed in the church parlors.

The First Church, Evanston, Ill., under the energetic and intelligent leadership of O. F. Jordan, has added another to its list of activities. This too is best of all. In the section where the church is located there is no kindergarten work in the public schools, the building being too crowded. Children from these sections have gone long distances for the privilege of such training. The First Church feeling this need has employed Miss Ada Scott, of Des Moines, to conduct a kindergarten in its building during the summer, and perhaps through next year. Miss Scott is a graduate of the science department and the Normal department of Drake University, and has had some experience in the public schools of Des Moines.

A. J. Saunders, who recently received the degree of B. D. from the University of Chicago, and returned to his home in Australia, whose report of the West Australia Conference appears this week, has set his hand immediately to the task in his homeland. We have an announcement of a series of lectures he gave at Christian Chapel, Bagot Road, Subiaco. The general theme of the lectures was "Christian Missions in Many Lands." The special topics were: "A Historical Survey of Christian Missions in the Eighteenth Century," "The Story of Missions in India," "China for Christ," "The Conquest of Japan," "The Enlightenment of the Dark Continent," "The Missionary Propaganda in the New Testament." Mr. Saunders is well equipped and will make his influence felt for the best things among the churches of Australia.

G. B. Baird, of Lu-chow-fu, via Wuhu, China, writes: "Last Sunday (May 8) we had 225 at Sunday-school. We have no regular church building in the city. Our meeting place is the crowded hospital, and the largest room is the patients' waiting room, built to accommodate about 100 persons. We must have money for a proper church building at once or stop trying to enlarge our work. We have 140 men and women enrolled as inquirers at present, but we have no place to take care of them. In Lu-chow-fu we enjoy the weekly visit of the Christian Century very much. You are making it a great paper. We hope that the spirit of your paper may grow stronger in the hearts of the people both at home and on the mission field."

The Missouri State Convention is now in session at Jefferson City. The C. W. B. M. session is Friday evening and Saturday. Friday evening address by Vernon Stauffer, Angola, Indiana. Saturday addresses by Mrs. S. J. White, Chillicothe, President; Mrs. J. L. Moore, Palmyra; Mrs. M. S. McMahon, Aurora; Mrs. St. Clair, Columbia; and Mrs. M. E. Harlan, Indianapolis. Sunday, June 19th, preaching in all offered pulpits. Monday Bible School session. Address by H. W. Hunter, president; L. J. Marshall, Independence; and P. H. Welshimer, Canton, Ohio. The State Missions period begins Tuesday. Convention sermon by R. G. Frank, Liberty. Forenoon and af-

ternoon sessions given to business. Tuesday evening address by Peter Ainslie, Baltimore. Wednesday morning addresses by George H. Combs and G. W. Muckley. Wednesday afternoon, addresses by F. L. Moffett, Springfield; T. W. Grafton, Kansas City; W. A. Shullenger, Trenton; J. T. Shreve, and C. M. Chilton, St. Joseph; and R. P. Shepherd, St. Louis.

Friday, June 10th, the new West Bluff Chapel, recently built in a day by the churches of Peoria, was dedicated by Arthur Holmes of Philadelphia. In the evening he gave at the Central Church his celebrated Pittsburg address. This building has attracted wide attention through the daily press. The Peoria Evening Journal thus describes the work of magic: "At 7:00 o'clock the foundation—the only preliminary work done—lay bare, just as the Rev. W. A. Price—the ministerial bricklayer of the Howett Street Church, had left it. At 9:00 o'clock the skeleton walls were up, the floor joists all laid and the skirmish fire of hammering had settled down into a continuous broadside of activity. Men swarmed all over the structure. At noon, when there was a brief lull for a Memorial Day service and dinner, the church had assumed shape, the gaunt framework was sheathed and the roof was well on toward completion. At 6:00 o'clock the chapel was

finished. But the workers were still filled with zeal and they kept right on, erecting a coal shed, ceiled and painted and graded and the Rev. Price again got busy with the bricks and laid a walk from the front door to the sidewalk."

The Ohio State Convention was held May 31 to June 3, in Central Church Toledo. Prof. George P. Coler of Ann Arbor, Mich., gave Bible studies which were of greatest interest. Secretary Miller's report showed the total amount of money raised to be \$13,948. Thirty-two men were supported all or part of their time. Ten missions became self-supporting during the year. President I. J. Cahill made a notable address on "The Disciples Contribution to the Religious Thought and Life of Our Time." Prof. E. I. Bosworth of Oberlin College gave three Bible studies that commanded the best attention of the convention. L. G. Batman, of Youngstown, made the Church Extension address. M. L. Bates made a great plea for Hiram, or the place of the church school. "The Unfinished Task of the Disciples" was the subject of a great address by Peter Ainslie, president of the American Christian Missionary Society. M. E. Chatley of Bowling Green, gave a stirring address on "The Possibilities of Ninety Thousand Active Disciples of Ohio." Of course there was the men's banquet. Three hundred men marched through the streets of the city and to the banquet hall, where speeches were made by some of Ohio's best talent. F. W. Burnham of Springfield, Ill., made the closing address of the convention on Friday evening. His subject was "The Brotherhood Practical."

Children's Day Offering

The North Tonawanda Tabernacle, North Tonawanda, N. Y., through its Children's Day offering, becomes a living link in the Foreign Society. G. H. Stead is the pastor.

The Children's Day offering at the First Church, Marshall, Mo., where E. P. Wharton is pastor, was \$650.00.

The first Sunday in June was a great day with the First Church North, Tonawanda, N. Y. Their offering for Foreign Missions was \$421.00. V. W. Blair is pastor of this church.

At the Jackson Boulevard Church, Chicago, Austin Hunter, pastor, the Children's Day offering was \$300.00.

F. M. Rains, secretary of the Foreign Society, sends the following word concerning the First Church, Akron, Ohio, George, Darsie, minister: "Great Children's Day. Over one thousand present at Sunday School. School becomes living link. Bethany Class raised one hundred dollars. Church growing in all good works."

Children's Day at Bowling Green, Ohio, was observed with an attendance of 326 in the morning. Audience of 1,000 for evening exercises. Offering for the day \$80.43. M. E. Chatley is pastor.

Central Church, Denver, G. B. Van Arsdall, pastor. Missionary offering of the Sunday School, \$1,030.00. The Missionary contribution of this church in March was \$1,100.00. "This begins to look like a real 'Church of Christ,'" says B. B. Tyler.

South Broadway, Denever, B. B. Tyler, Missionary offering, \$110.00.

Wichita, Kansas, Central Church, Walter Scott Priest, pastor. Great day, 714 present, and an offering of \$250.00. About \$2,000 will be given by this church to Foreign Missions during the year.

Moberly, Mo., Central, S. Boyd White, pastor. Children's Day offering, \$175.00, attendance, 1,123.

Deer Creek, Ill., T. L. Reed, pastor. School gave P. H. Duncan's program, fine audience and good offering.

Follow the International Lesson Committee

Every informed Sunday-school worker desires to have the graded system introduced into his school. But it seems like too big an undertaking to grade the school all at once. Hence nothing at all is done, and the school goes on in the same old absurd way of teaching the children the lessons provided for grown-up people.

The International S. S. Committee has made it possible to bring the graded system in, like the Kingdom of God comes, "without observation." You can have your school graded without any agony—almost without knowing it, except in its beneficent results. Begin at the bottom now—with the elementary grades, the pupils under twelve years old. Provide teachers and pupils with the Bethany Graded Lessons, based on the outlines already authorized by the International Committee. Later on—perhaps in nine month or a year from now—when the Committee authorizes an outline of lessons for the Intermediate grades you will be ready to adopt them and the Bethany Series will be ready with the helps for you. And so on, through the Senior and Advanced grades, follow the International Committee and as fast as they provide the lessons you will be ready to adopt them.

Our advice to all schools, then, is: FOLLOW THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE. No independent course yet devised is better than that provided by the International Committee, if indeed there is one so good in all respects. Besides, there is advantage in the whole Sunday-school world studying together when our leaders really lead—as the International Committee is now doing.

The Bethany Graded Lessons may be commenced at any time. Purchase the main bulk of your supplies wherever you wish, but let us furnish you these fascinating lessons for your pupils under twelve. THE NEW CHRISTIAN CENTURY CO., 700 East Fortieth Street, Chicago.

Our offering \$230. The program was the best, and the audience the largest we ever had.—E. B. Barnes, Grand Rapids, Mich.

We have gone beyond our appointment this year and are glad.—T. H. Stone, Chapin, Ill.

Offering \$120; will be \$125.—Walter Mansell, Crawfordsville, Ind.

Our school observed Children's Day with an attendance in the morning of 326, and an audience in the evening to witness the exercises of 1,000. Offering \$80.43.—M. C. Chatley, Bowling Green, Ohio.

The Sunday-school at Broadway, Lexington, Ky., raised \$120 and expect to make it more.

The Sunday-school at Norwood, Ohio, went beyond \$100 on Children's Day.

The first three days following Children's Day 234 Sunday-schools responded, a gain of eighty-two over the corresponding time last year. The schools sent \$4,750, a gain of \$1,610. The prospects are bright for a great Children's Day offering.—F. M. Rains.

The Sunday-school at Linton, Indiana, Roscoe R. Leak, superintendent, raised \$126 on Children's Day. This is a good increase over last year.

The Sunday-school at Salem, Ohio, sends \$125 to the office of the Foreign Society.

The First Sunday-school, Hannibal, Mo., comes forward promptly with \$100.

Mexico, Mo., as usual, comes up with a good offering. This year it amounts to \$125.

Mt. Auburn, Ill., Christian Sunday-school has already sent \$50.00 as their Children's Day offering.

Gibson City, Ill., is in the procession with \$50.00.

Lebanon, Mo., swells the volume of gifts with an offering of \$50.00.

Clarinda, Iowa, Wm. Orr, superintendent, is one of the first to step forward with a gift of \$135.52. This school has stood loyally by the work many, many years.

Bluff Creek, Indiana, had a great Children's Day offering. The amount was \$57.70.

The Lathrop, Mo., Christian Sunday-school has taken an honorable position in the forward movement with a gift of \$50.64.

Fruitvale, Cal., responds with \$44.77.

Daleville, Indiana, takes a position among the good schools and responds with \$50.00 to help evangelize the world.

The Fourth Christian Sunday-school, Indianapolis, Indiana, sends \$50. E. H. Clifford is the minister. Henry Powell is the superintendent.

"Enclosed please find check for \$355, for which give credit to the Canton, Ohio, Bible-school. This, I believe, completes our \$600 for Mrs. Macklin for this year."—P. H. Welshimer, Canton, Ohio.

The Wellington, Kansas, Sunday-school sends us \$50.00. This church and school will no doubt soon be in the Living-link rank.

Sixth (Illinois) District Convention

The Sixth District Convention of the Illinois Christian Missionary Society will meet at Danville, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 21 and 22.

An interesting program has been prepared. Important business is to be transacted, and a good fellowship time is expected. The churches of Danville extend a hearty invitation to the churches of the district. W. E. Adams, minister of the First Church, will appreciate it if you will drop him a card, telling him how many to expect from your church. The convention will be brief. Please be on hand at the beginning and remain till the close. Every church should be well repre-

sented in the convention. Yours for a great convention.
J. Will Walters,
Sullivan, Ill., June 9, 1910. Secretary.

Home Missions

The month of May shows an increase in receipts to the American Christian Missionary Society of \$1,166.44; total increase for the first eight months of the year \$14,012.78.

Many churches which failed to contribute last year are sending offerings. May this first year of our second century be the greatest in the history of our mother society.

Our Endeavorers are planning to observe "Patriotic Day" on July 3. The offerings from these loyal bands of our young people will help greatly in winning our country for Christ and His Church.

Programs for July 3, furnished free of cost.

Jos. W. Helms, Corresponding Secretary of South Carolina reports as follows:

"Our work looks brighter than ever in its history, and the meetings going on at Sumter, Columbia and Laurens, and six meetings planned for July, there will be something to report.

The meeting in Greenwood was a success in every way; forty-three added."

D. C. Kratz, missionary pastor in Irvington, Neb., says:

"Our offering for Home Missions will be taken the third Lord's Day in June, when we

expect to have a program. A special effort is being made to reach our apportionment. Our attendance at our services are increasing, and the outlook is more helpful than at any time since the meeting we held in the spring."

Milligan Earnest, North Birmingham, Ala., writes as follows:

"The work moves along nicely. Have just had a good meeting. Sunday-school good. Will send Home Mission offering soon.

An appeal from Winnipeg, Manitoba.

"I might say that \$350 more has been pledged on our building fund. We have three meetings on Sundays. Our Sunday-school meets in the afternoon at three. We have the third largest Bible Class in the city. I am sending you a photograph of our church and school. We have a Prayer Meeting and Bible Study Class on Wednesday evenings.

There is much room for foreign mission effort here. To illustrate; in one public school in the north part of the city, there are 590 children, only forty-five Canadian morn. The rest are foreigners, who only go, as a rule, to the third grade. They never reach the seventh. There are great problems here to solve, and the Church of Christ holds the solution. It alone can unite and Christianize these foreigners. We need men and we need money. we need money.

A. N. SIMPSON,
Missionary Pastor.



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If you lack snap and want ginger,
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No one ever heard of a **Zu Zu** that wasn't good

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Missionary Directory

CHRISTIAN WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.
Headquarters, Missionary Training School,
Indianapolis, Ind.

President, Mrs. Anna R. Atwater; Cur. Sec., Mrs. M. E. Harlan. Day for regular offering, first Lord's day in December.

AMERICAN CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.
Headquarters, Carew Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Secretaries—L. N. McCash and Grant K. Lewis.
Days for offering—In churches, first Lord's day in May; Endeavor Societies, first Lord's day in July, and in Sunday-schools, the Lord's day before Thanksgiving.

FOREIGN CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.
Headquarters, 222 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
President, A. McLean; Secretaries, F. M. Raines, Stephen J. Corey, E. W. Allen. Days for offering—in the church, first Lord's day in March; Children's Day, first Lord's day in June. Postoffice address, Box 884, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BOARD OF CHURCH EXTENSION.
Headquarters 603 New England Building, Kansas City, Mo.
Geo. W. Muckley, Sec., to whom all correspondence should be addressed. T. R. Bryan, treasurer, to whom all interest and loans should be paid. Offering day, first Lord's day in September.

BOARD OF MINISTERIAL RELIEF.
Headquarters, 120 E. Market St., Indianapolis, Ind.
A. L. Orcutt, president, to whom all correspondence should be addressed. Day for regular offering—third Lord's day in December.

THE NATIONAL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.
Headquarters, 2222 N. Euclid Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Secretaries—Mrs. J. K. Hansbrough, Jas. H. Morter. The lay for regular offerings—Easter. Send all correspondence and make all remittances to The National Benevolent Association.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.
Headquarters, R. A. Long Building, Kansas City, Mo.
President, H. A. Long; Secretary, P. C. Macfarlane, E. E. Elliot and J. K. Shellenberger.

THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE BOARD OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.
Headquarters, Franklin, Indiana.
President, Judge S. H. Artman, Indianapolis, Ind.; Treasurer, A. L. Orcutt, Indianapolis, Ind.; Secretary, Dr. H. J. Hall, Franklin, Ind.; Field Secretary, Oliver W. Stewart, Chicago, Ill. Request for literature, speaker and contributions should be sent to the secretary. Offering requested from each church the most convenient Lord's day of each year.

The Passing of E. W. Darst

The Disciples of Christ everywhere, and especially in Chicago, will learn with the keenest regret of the death of E. W. Darst. A telegram from Louisville, Ky., sent by Mrs. Darst reads as follows: "Release came to a brave spirit Thursday, June 3d. at Tucson, Ariz. We are taking his body to Dayton; enroute since Sunday. Arrive Thursday noon. Your letter meant much to him. Please announce his home-going in the Century, and tell our friends,—Minnie A. Darst." Bro. Darst worked on heroically to the very end. The last few weeks he has spent at Berkeley, Cal., first as pastor of the church there, and later as city evangelist of San Francisco and vicinity. He was tireless in his activities there, as he was in former years in the same work in Chicago. Under this strain his health gradually gave way. He was at Pittsburg at the centennial convention, but was scarcely able to keep his feet. Soon afterward he went to Arizona, hoping to find relief in that warm and dry climate. He was even courageous enough to accept the pastorate of the church in Tucson. But the shadow was already across his pathway. He had scarcely begun his work there when the end came. Mrs. Darst hurried from her labors as teacher in the kindergarten school at Berkeley, and was with him during the last days. As indicated in the telegram, the remains were taken to the old home in Dayton, Ohio. Few men have impressed the churches for which they have labored, with a finer sense of consecration, untiring activity and high courage than E. W. Darst. His name will be honored wherever he has been known.

Progress at Drake

I have been renewing my youth in the vitalizing atmosphere of Drake University in a three days' rest between my Nebraska and South Dakota campaigns for Equal Suffrage.

The present hour is a great one for the University. \$150,000 has just been secured to preserve the Medical Department. This gratifying response to an urgent demand was made under the leadership of J. H. Stockham, who was recently elected Comptroller of the University. The major part of this large sum was raised in the city of Des Moines, more than \$50,000 coming from the business and professional men of the city, together with \$25,000 and \$12,500 from the county and city governments respectively. As usual, the student body, alumni and the different faculties were generous contributors.

Out of this home rally has come the determination to secure at once an additional endowment of half a million. \$100,000 of this is already pledged on the condition that \$400,000 more shall be raised.

This is the hour of destiny for Drake.

The confidence of its home city, the conviction of the Brotherhood that Drake is to be the great central university of the church, by reason of its location in this growing middle-west metropolis, where every tenth person is a Disciple, its eighteen hundred student enrollment, one-sixth of whom come from other states, and its loyalty to the program of the New Testament, all point the way to the immediate concretion of the dream of its founders and early day co-workers.

This attainment is certain. The Board is united and determined. The Administration is wise, able and wide-versed. The one man in the Brotherhood best fitted by experience and devotion to talk a half million dollars has been found in Brother Stockham. The student body is loyal and keyed to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and the Alumni in a splendid mood for great endeavor.

The sacrifices of other years are giving birth to a greater university. It is coming into its own. The past, great as it is, will seem but the promiseful childhood of the enriched life just ahead. Drake has more than "ten thousand voices" in the nation: let them speak now. Many times ten thousands of lives have been blessed by the ministrations of those who have passed out of her doors. Many of these will not be silent.

Our only regret is that Chancellor Carpenter could not have lived to have seen this triumphal procession grow from that impoverished, straggling little band that camped and set stakes in the hickory forest less than thirty years ago. Their dream and their daring were heroic. They were in the wilderness then. Now beautiful parks and blocks of comfortable homes stretch far beyond University Place, while the one adequate campus is crowded with its nine commodious buildings—a center of Christian learning in the midst of a cultured and inspiring population. It is the ideal Mecca of the pilgrim student searching for the light that falls only where clear thought and service to men dwell together.

To withhold from Drake University at this engaging hour is to withhold from Opportunity.

Barton O. Aylesworth.

Statistics

Several of the State Provincial Secretaries have sent out their annual calls for statistics from all the churches. On many accounts it is of growing importance that these be made as complete and accurate as possible. A report, based on the results gathered from all the States and Provinces, will be made at the Topeka Convention. It ought to be a matter of interest and pride with every church clerk and every minister to assist in making this a trust-worthy statement of the Restoration Movement in the year 1910.

To avoid both repetition and omission, it is requested that each church report its

membership according to its roll, including both non-resident and resident members. Anyone knowing of scattered Disciples who are not attached to any local congregation, will please report them separately, to the State Secretary. W. R. WARREN, International Statistical Sec'y. of the Disciples of Christ.

Germany's Compulsory Education Law.

Germany has a compulsory education law that works well. It is very simple, and there is no excuse for not understanding it. It reads that a child between the ages of six and fourteen must attend school during all the time school is in session. For every day the child is absent from school without a good, legitimate excuse (there are no more than five legitimate excuses), the parent must pay a sum of money equal in value to fifty cents. The list of unexcused children is handed by the head schoolmaster to the local truant officer, who goes around once every three months and collects the fines. As may well be supposed, the parents see to it that the children are in school. When the law is broken it is a case of pay or go to jail, so they much prefer to have the child in school rather than the old man in jail.

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Missouri Convention Notes

Have you seen that program? Well it is in this issue. Turn the page and read it right now and you will find a feast such as was never spread before a Missouri convention before. Surely after reading it you cannot fail to come to Jefferson City for June 17-22. Come for the first session and stay for the last.

"My church is sending me to the convention and paying all the expenses." So writes J. Jones of Eldorado Springs, Central Church. D. W. Moore of Carthage, C. A. Harper of Hawk Point and a number of others. What a gracious example! Some ministers have written that they cannot go on account of expense. This ought not to be. Every church ought to pay its minister's and delegates' way to the convention. Have you not arranged for it? Do it now.

Don't forget that the railroad rates are one and one-third fare round trip rate. No certificates are needed and will do no good at all. Buy a round trip ticket.

We are to have an added treat. Dr. Arthur Holmes the man that stirred the great men's meeting at Pittsburg as no other man did, is to be there and speak on Wednesday afternoon. Here is one of the greatest platen men of his age, before the people at this time and you can't afford to miss this treat.

E. M. Richmond of Bowling Green will speak on "How the Brotherhood Can Help the State," and with such a theme, in view of the pending struggle between the forces of the right and the wrong in our state this fall, he will make the speech of his life.

But what's the use of specifying when every moment is to be full of the very best things? All the reports—even the treasurer's report, providing you send in that offering—are to be the best. You certainly will miss something you can never regain if you fail to go to that convention.

Let the churches, schools, Endeavor societies that have not appointed their representatives, do so and see that all of them and the minister and wife come. Pay their way.

T. A. Abbott,
Corresponding Secretary.

Lawton, Oklahoma

The work here is moving nicely, the church is building a new \$2,000 parsonage and making interior improvements to the church building with a view to enlarging for our Bible-school to the extent of \$1,000. Have had fifty-one additions, nearly all adults, during the last ten weeks; set our mark at \$50 for offering in Bible-school for worldwide evangelization and raised it.

Delivered the annual memorial address to the G. A. R. and U. C. V. May 29, at the opera house. We are planning to hold a tent meeting on the South Side, a resident district, that will form the foundation for a new church later on. Snively and Sneed begin a great evangelistic campaign with us in November. We expect that to result in the launching of a new \$40,000 church edifice. I have a great church behind me here that has a mind to work; hence the above results during the past two and a half months' service with them.

A. R. Spicer.

Oklahoma Christian University

June 1 closed the third annual commencement season of our school at Enid, when forty-seven young people were given diplomas from the various schools and colleges.

The piano commencement recital was given May 24, in which four young ladies participated, acquitted themselves most creditably. Enid is rapidly gaining the reputation of being the music center of the southwest; and under the very able direction of Miss Harris in piano, Prof. Duyksterhuis in violin, and Prof. Hart in voice, the University College of Music is very popular.

Dr. Moore, president of the Oklahoma Baptist College, preached the baccalaureate sermon, May 29.

May 30, Gilbert C. Chandler, a graduate of our school of expression, won the Pieratt-Whitlock gold medal in a spirited oratorical contest. The school of expression has the pride distinction of having never lost an

intercollegiate contest in which it has participated; and it has held the state championship in debate ever since the school was six months old. In our local contest in debate, Charles Funk won the \$20 gold medal offered by the school for the best debater.

The night of May 31 was made memorable in Enid by the rendition of the historic concert, "America," as a university benefit, by leading citizens of Enid. It netted a neat sum for the school and aroused a keen interest in the welfare of the university.

The commencement exercises were largely attended June 1. W. J. Wright, former secretary A. C. M. S., who has just accepted a call to become minister of the Enid Church, delivered an able commencement address, after which President Zollars conferred degrees upon and presented diplomas to the forty-seven graduates.

Two were graduated from the school for trained nurses, four received the degree M. A., and the business college had the largest number of graduates. Under the splendid leadership of Prof. C. M. Prater, an experienced business college man, this department of the university is rapidly forging to the front and promises to become the largest school of the kind in the southwest.

The Bible college enjoys a rapid growth because of its faculty, its most fortunate location for student preaching, together with the good pay received for such service.

The music school will be represented in Europe this summer by Miss Harris, Mrs. Lyon, Mrs. Page, and Miss Claudia Z. Page, the last two remaining abroad for study.

Prof. Smith will also remain abroad for a

year's study in Oxford, under a Rhodes scholarship.

Prof. Reiter holds a scholarship in the Ogden (Graduate) School of Science, and will spend the summer in studying at Chicago University. Prof. Woodford will also spend the summer in Chicago University.

Prof. and Mrs. F. H. Marshall will spend the summer in the University of Minnesota; and Prof. Stanton in the University of Kansas.

Professors Lyon, Horne, Maroney and Garrison will teach in summer schools.

Chancellor Roth and the executive force will be busy with the advertising and financial interests of the university, while Pres. Zollars takes a much needed rest.

E. V. ZOLLARS.

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In October there will be four new courses added to the three that have been running the past year.

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BEGINNERS

The series begins where the child's conscious thought always begins, with the parental idea, and presents God to the child-mind as the heavenly Father, and leads it to the conception of this divine fatherhood through the simple and familiar relations of the child to its earthly parents. The very reading of the topics which are the subjects of the lessons in the course for Beginners is like sweet and simple music, and to any heart capable of appreciating the simplicities of truth it will indicate how natural and simple religion is as belonging to the very nature of the soul, entering into its most germinal development and working itself out in all the processes of growth.

PRIMARY

In the Primary grade the same simple but great themes touched upon in the Beginners course are continued, but just sufficiently developed to correspond to the growing capabilities of the child's mind, including, but not going beyond the widening circle of the child's extending associations and experiences. Nothing is forced in upon the child that is unchildlike in character; truths which the child can comprehend and that have natural place in his life are presented and repeated with that reiteration which the child's mind requires, while the teacher is content to wait for the germination and silent growth of the simplest seeds of truth in the child's heart.

JUNIOR

In the Junior lessons the pulse of life begins to throb more strongly. The great subjects of religious thought begin to enter; the simple introduction to the great story of history begins; the wonderful stories of the Bible begin to exercise their fascination; duties growing out of natural relationships are recognized; the choice of good and evil, and the fateful results of such choices, are made to be seen and felt; and the thought of God's providence over individual life is given manifold illustration in the biblical stories. In the fourth year of the series a more careful study of the briefer of the four Gospels is entered upon, followed by a study of the most striking incidents described in the book of Acts, and closing with stories from that larger book of Acts, the lives of later Christian missionaries.

INTERMEDIATE

Here we find ourselves where adolescent life begins, when the child ceases and the man begins; when the stirrings of those ambitions which are to issue in great deeds begin to manifest themselves; when the sympathies and affections become more intense; when the great choices and decisions are made; when the heroic spirit becomes dominant and when ideals are set up; when the great temptations open their deadly assaults; when the reason begins to exercise itself: a period of strife, and tumult, and strain, of high resolving, of deadly peril, of glorious victory. To this fateful period our new series of lessons comes with definite and intelligent understanding. Christ forever knocks at the door of life in every stage, but more distinctly and strongly does he knock at the door of the heart of youth at this period than at any other time.

SENIOR

This is the period for constructive study. It is the altruistic period of life and its spirit is optimistic. The individual begins to define his relations to others and the duties growing out of those relations. The sense of obligation and responsibility grows, purpose becomes more definite and the formulation of a life program is undertaken. Consequently the steady aim of the study and instruction in this period is to help the pupil to find his place and work in the world.

NEW CONCEPTION

The new movement is the outgrowth of the larger conception of religious education. According to this new conception the factors entering into the process are much more varied than was formerly supposed. All truth belongs to religious education, from whatever source it may be derived. Moreover, the aim of all genuine education is the production of sound character, and all instruction must be directed to this purpose. Consequently into these new courses is to be introduced the study of great characters other than those included in the Scriptures. And the moral heroes of every generation will be summoned to illustrate and impress the great elements of noble character.

THE BIBLE

The Bible is used as the most valuable material in moral and religious instruction; and it is used with discrimination, with a clear understanding that we must select from it in the progressive education of the child such material as answers to the needs of the child at the various stages of his growth. The Bible is a great storehouse of spiritual food, but in its stores is food for the little child and the strong man. Henceforth we are to give to the child only that which belongs to the child and to the man only what belongs to the man.

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